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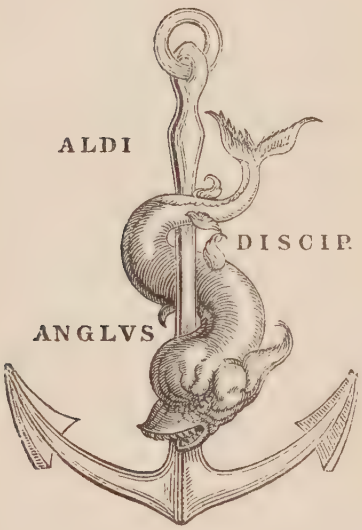
IN THREE VOLUMES

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

VOLUME I



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1833

CHARLES WHITTINGHAM
LONDON

TO

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE,

THIS EDITION OF SWIFT

IS INSCRIBED

WITH THOSE FEELINGS OF ESTEEM WHICH

HIS VIRTUES AND TALENTS

JUSTLY COMMAND.

BENHALL,
OCT. 10, 1833.

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LIFE OF SWIFT.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN MITFORD.

Jonathan Swift, the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin,[1] was descended from the younger branch of the family of the Swifts in Yorkshire. His grandfather was the Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire. He died in the year 1658, leaving ten sons and three or four daughters, with no other fortune than a very small patrimonial estate, almost destroyed by the fines and sequestrations[2] which he drew on himself for his activity in the cause of Charles I. Jonathan Swift, the father of our author, was the sixth or seventh son of the Vicar of Goodrich; in consequence of his elder brother, Godwin, being appointed attorney-

[1] See Anecdotes of the Family of Swift, a fragment, written by Dr. Swift, from the MS. in the University Library, Dublin; v. Nichols' Ed. vol. i. p. 518, and the Essay by Dean Swift, p. 7 to p. 22. On the relationship between Dryden and Swift, see a long note of Mr. Malone's in Scott's edition of Swift, vol. xviii. p. 297. Swift calls "Dryden his *near* relation." Malone concludes that Dryden and Swift's father were second cousins. In the Tale of a Tub, Dryden is repeatedly mentioned with disrespect, not only as an author, but as a mean sycophant of the great. Swift never forgave Dryden's opinion of his poetry, though he died four years before the Tale of a Tub was published.

[2] The account of their sufferings is to be found in Mercurius Rusticus, ed. 1685, p. 82. See also a letter from Swift to Pope, recommending his cousin, Deane Swift, (so called from his great-grandfather, Admiral Deane,) whom he much esteemed, who was heir to the paternal estate at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, vol. xix. p. 200. ed. Scott. Swift put up a monument to his grandfather in the church

general of the Palatinate of Tipperary, under the Duke of Ormond, after the Restoration, Jonathan, who was also bred to the law, followed him into Ireland. There he married Abigail Ericke[3] of Leicestershire, a lady of ancient family, but no fortune. In Ireland he had some employments and agencies, and was appointed steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dublin, in 1665. After having held his appointment two years, he died, leaving an infant daughter, and his widow then pregnant, in so destitute a situation as to be unable to defray the expenses of her husband's funeral. Her brother-in-law, Godwin, was her chief support. On the 30th of November, 1667, being St. Andrew's day, she was delivered of a son; and the house where the celebrated author, whose life we are now writing, was born, is still pointed out. It is No. 7, of Hoey's Court, Dublin; the appearance of its antiquity seems not to oppose the correctness of

of Goodrich. He sent a pencil drawing of it to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with the following lines inscribed on it by Pope:

Jonathan Swift
Had the gift
By fatherige, motherige
And by brotherige,
To come from Gutherige;
But now is spoiled clean,
And an Irish dean.
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cap and a can, Sir,
In respect to his grandsire.
So Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own.

[3] See account of Mrs. Ericke, Swift's mother, in Dean Swift's Essay, p. 23. The Erickes derive their lineage from Erick the Forester, in the time of William I.

the tradition; it is small, and was, not many years since, occupied by Mrs. Jackson, a dealer in earthen ware.

The nurse to whom the care of the infant was entrusted was a native of Whitehaven; being summoned to attend the request of a dying relation, she clandestinely, but out of pure affection, carried away the child with her; his mother was unwilling to risk the insecurity of a second voyage, and permitted it to remain with its faithful and affectionate protector for three years, when she returned to Ireland,[4] and proved that she had been as careful of its education, as she was attached to its person.

At the age of six, Swift was sent to the school of Kilkenny,[5] and at fourteen admitted into the university of Dublin.[6] He was entirely dependent for his support upon the allowance made to him by his uncle Godwin; this was hardly more than would cover the necessities of life; for his uncle had a numerous family of his own, and had much injured his fortune by imprudent speculations. Swift was either not aware of his uncle's circumstances, or if he were, the smallness of his beneficence was not sufficient to awaken his gratitude; for when once questioned about it rather roughly at a visitation dinner, he answered the insulting question in a loud and bitter accent,—"Yes! he gave me the education of a dog."

[4] Swift was brought over to England by his nurse in a band-box, v. Dean Swift's Essay, p. 30.

[5] Swift's name, cut in a school-boy fashion, upon his desk or form, is still shown to strangers.

[6] Swift's cousin, Thomas Swift, was admitted at the same time, and the mention of the two names throughout the College Records, without the Christian appellation, has thrown uncertainty upon some minute points of the Dean's biography.---*Scott.*

While he was at the university, he appears to have disliked and neglected the line of study which was at that time cultivated; and a proficiency in which was necessary for the attainment of his degree. Instead of mastering the intricacies of the old Treatises on Logic, written by those great men, Smeglesius, Kechermannus, and Burgesdicius, he passed his time more agreeably in reading poetry and history, and he told his tutor that he could reason without the assistance of the artificial rules of logic. There is a proof, however, that though he turned aside from the path of academic study, his voluntary reading was extensive and various, for he had drawn up a rough sketch of the Tale of a Tub, which he communicated to his friend, Mr. Waryng. The first time he sate for his degree it was refused him; and so pertinaciously did he adhere to his determination not to attend to the necessary line of studies, that when he went up a second time, he succeeded only through the interest of his friends. It was inserted in the College Register, that he attained his degree Speciali gratia. In going through the forms of disputation, he told Dr. Sheridan that he was utterly unacquainted even with the logical terms, and answered the arguments of his opponents in his own manner and words. His biographer adds, that there was one circumstance in the account which Swift gave him that surprised[7] him with regard to his memory; for he

[7] With regard to the Tripos, a Speech delivered at a Common Court, in the University of Dublin, July 11, 1688, by Mr. John Jones; which Richardson and Dr. Barrett attribute to Swift, see the Observations of Scott, vol. vi. p. 225, who thinks that some satirical strokes may have been inserted by Swift into the Tripos of Jones, but that he was not the principal author of the work.

told him the several questions on which he disputed, and repeated all the arguments used by his opponents in their syllogistic forms. He remained, in the college, nearly three years after this, not through choice but necessity. Little known or regarded, by scholars he was esteemed a blockhead; and as the lowness of his circumstances would not allow him to keep company of an equal rank with himself, or on an equal footing, he scorned to take up with those of a lower class, or to be obliged to those of a higher.[8] He lived therefore much alone, and his time was employed in pursuing his course of reading in history and poetry, then very unfashionable studies for an academic; or in gloomy meditations on his own unhappy circumstances.

Soon after this time, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of business, and the embarrassed state of his affairs became known. Another uncle, William, for a short period supplied to our author the place of his former benefactor; and though he had not the means of enlarging the extent of his bounty, he bestowed it with so much more willingness and grace, as to receive that gratitude from Swift which he deserved. But Swift's chief hopes now rested on his cousin Willoughby, the eldest son of his uncle Godwin, a merchant at Lisbon:

[8] Between 14th November, 1685, and the 8th October, 1687, Swift incurred no less than seventy penalties, for non-attendance at chapel, for neglecting lectures, for being absent from the roll-call, and for town-haunting. On 18th March, 1686-7, he incurred the disgrace of a public admonition, for neglect of duties; and 20th November, 1688, his academical degree was suspended, and he was sentenced to crave public pardon of the junior dean, Dr. Owen Lloyd.

nor was he disappointed in his expectations; a supply arrived at the very time when it was needed; and the incidents attending it shall be related in the words of his biographer. "Swift, without a penny in his purse, was despondingly looking out of his chamber window to gape away the time, and happened to cast his eye on a seafaring man, who seemed to be making inquiries after somebody's chambers; the thought immediately came into his head that this might be some master of a vessel, who was the bearer of a present to him from his cousin at Lisbon. He saw him enter the building with pleasing expectation, and soon after heard a rap at his door, which he eagerly opening, was accosted by the sailor with, 'Is your name Jonathan Swift?' 'Yes.' 'Why then, I have something for you from Master Willoughby Swift of Lisbon.' He then drew out a large leather bag, and poured out the contents, which were silver cobs, upon the table. Swift, enraptured at the sight, in the first transports of his heart, pushed over a large number of them, without reckoning, to the sailor, as a reward for his trouble; but the honest tar declined taking any, saying, That he would do more than that for good Master Willoughby. This was the first time that Swift's disposition was tried with regard to the management of money; and he said that the reflections of his constant suffering through the want of it, made him husband it so well, that he was never afterward without something in his purse."

Soon after this, on the breaking out of the war in Ireland, Swift left that country to visit his mother at Leicester, and to consult with her on his future plans and prospects of life. He was now in

his one-and-twentieth year, not qualified by particular study for any profession, except, perhaps, for the church; his academical reputation was not advantageous to him; the recluseness of his life had rendered him little known; and the spleen and severity of his temper had not attracted many friends.

Without any letter of recommendation to introduce him in England, and without any acquaintance who could assist him, Swift left Chester on foot to visit a mother,[9] who was herself dependent on the precarious bounty of her friends. With her he remained some months, and requested her advice as to the course which he should pursue. Most fortunately she recollected that the lady of Sir William Temple was her relation, that there had been an intimacy between the families, that Thomas Swift[1] had been chaplain to Sir William Temple, and had been provided for by him in the church.[2]

[9] It was in this visit that Swift's first love-affair took place. He was enamoured of one Betty Jones, afterwards Mrs. Perkins, mistress of the George Inn, Loughborough. See his letter to Mr. Kendal, Feb. 11, 1791-2, and to Mr. Worrall, Jan. 18, 1728-9.

[1] This Mr. Thomas Swift more than hinted that he was the author of the Tale of the Tub. See Swift's letter to Mr. Benj. Tooke, his bookseller, vol. xv. p. 363, and Introd. to the Tale of a Tub. Swift retained through life a dislike to this "parson-cousin," as he calls him, who seems (says Scott) by his dedication of a sermon to Lord Oxford, to have been a conceited, quibbling coxcomb. See it in vol. xv. p. 397. The sermon was called "Noah's Dove." It was feloniously reprinted as *Dr. Swift's Sermon*. When Lord Oxford wished to tease our author, he used to call him Dr. Thomas Swift. He was rector of Puttenham in Surrey.

[2] Swift's mother died April 24, 1710, at Leicester, aged seventy years. See his account of her death, copied from his yearly memorandum book by Mr. Nichols, Scott's ed. xv. p. 354. I have now (he says) lost my barrier between me

She therefore recommended her son to go to Sir William Temple, and communicate to him his depressed situation and gloomy prospects. When he arrived at Shene, the residence of the retired statesman, his story was listened to with compassionate attention; he was cheerfully received into his house, and treated with kindness and generosity. Although he was not admitted to much personal familiarity with his illustrious kinsman, yet he found in his house what was of invaluable advantage, sound advice with regard to the prosecution of his studies, and a secure and elegant retirement where he could pursue them undisturbed. For eight years he followed a system of study, according to his own account, of not less than eight hours a day.[3] Among other books, he is

and death. God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, charity, she is there.

[3] In 1669, Swift wrote two Pindaric odes, first published by Mr. Nichols in 1789, from an authentic MS.; to Archbishop Sancroft, on Sir William Temple; and an Ode to King William, written in imitation of Dryden's eulogy on Cromwell. This (says Scott) shows that the taste of Swift's youth was formed not on the better compositions of the end of the seventeenth century, but upon those which had been fashionable in the beginning of Charles the Second's reign. This he probably owed to his residence with Temple. It was the Ode to the Athenian Society, written in 1691, that Dryden perused, when he said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." The Athenian Society was an association of wits, formed by the well-known John Dunton about 1690-1, who considered it as second only to the Royal Society. They proposed to answer various questions in physics, philosophy, poetry, &c. I will give a specimen.

Query.—Since in your advertisement you make it known that a chirurgeon is taken into your society, I have thought fit to propose the following question, assuring you the matter of fact is true. A sailor aboard the fleet, by an un-

know to have had Cyprian and Irenæus. The first interruption of this studious course of life was occasioned by an illness produced by a surfeit of fruit,[4] which brought on a coldness of stomach and

lucky accident broke his leg, being in drink, and refusing the assistance of the surgeon of the ship, called for a piece of new tarpaulin that lay on the deck, which he rolled some turns about his leg, tying up all close with a few hoopsticks, and was able immediately to walk all round the ship, not keeping his bed one day. I would know whether the cure is not to be attributed to the emplastic nature of the band-cloths bound on straight with the hoopsticks, or rather, whether it may not be solved according to the Cartesian philosophy?

Answer.—Des Cartes has less to do with this question than Copernicus, who in a drunken fit, by the course of his brain, found out the great secret of the world turning round; and so might one drunken sailor be inspired with this novel way of curing himself: but to the question; if the lesser focile was only broken, he might not be decumbent one day; the greater (his head being pretty light) being able to support his body; but if both the bones were broken he could not stand, unless the splinters that were tied round his leg came below his heel, and rested on his ham, which would take away that weight the leg would otherwise bear. Besides, the tarpaulin is a good categmatic, which, with a sober and regular diet, might succeed, though it is no rule to walk by.—Athenian Oracle, vol. ii. p. 349. It is unnecessary to say that this fracture must have befallen a *wooden* leg.

[4] In a letter from Swift to Mrs. Howard, Aug. 19, 1727, he says, "About two hours before you were born, I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read, and—there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. Dr. Beddoes, in the ninth essay of his Hygeia, has attributed Swift's vertigo and deafness to causes too indelicate to mention; but I disbelieve his assertion, and am not convinced at all by his arguments, which I must venture to say are dishonourable

giddiness of head that he never afterwards could shake off. At one time, his physician advised that he should try the effects of his native air, and he left Moor Park (to which Sir William had removed) for Ireland; but finding himself worse, he returned, and when his illness abated, resumed with fresh vigour his interrupted studies.

About this time, Sir William Temple began to discover some of the valuable parts of his relative's character; and Swift says, that he then grew in confidence with him. He was present at the confidential interviews[5] between King William and the statesman; and when the latter was confined to his room with the gout, the duty of attending on the king devolved on Swift. It is said that the king offered him a troop of horse; and he showed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch fashion. It is probable that he obtained some promise of preferment in the church; for, in a letter dated 1692, he says to his uncle, "I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend."

In 1692, he went to Oxford to take his Master's degree, to which he was admitted on the 5th of

and disgraceful to him. Dr. Radcliffe's recipe for Swift's deafness may be seen in Scott's Life, p. 28.; the chief part of which is "a spice cap made of cloves, mace, and pepper mingled, finely pounded, and put between two silks, and quilted, to wear next the head, and sewed withinside his wig, &c." Scott's attempt to account for Swift's fear of matrimony may be seen at p. 242 of his Life.

[5] He was employed to lay before King William the reasons why his majesty ought to assent to the bill for triennial parliaments, and he strengthened the opinion of Temple by arguments drawn from English history; but the king persevered in his opposition, and the bill was thrown out by the influence of the crown, in the House of Commons. See Swift's anecdotes of the family of Swift, ed. Nichols, p. 527. See Swift's celebrated letter to Pope, Jan. 10, 1720-1, vol. xvi. p. 354, and Dr. Warton's note.

July, 1692.[6] From Oxford he paid a visit to his mother, and then returned to Moor Park. He now was anxious to establish himself independently in the world, and he looked for that preferment which had been promised. But suspicions grew in his mind that Sir William Temple[7] was not so forward in assisting him as he could wish, and feared that Swift would leave him when he was provided for. Perhaps his society was become not only convenient and agreeable, but even necessary to one far advanced in life, declining in health, and afflicted with painful disorders. Besides, Temple was very anxious to have an accurate and correct copy of all his writings; and Swift's assistance in this respect was invaluable. The work, however, which the aged and experienced statesman was to bequeath to posterity advanced but slowly, and Swift's impatience could ill bear any longer delay. After remaining two years longer at Moor Park, he determined to leave his Patron and take his chance in the world. Sir William received the communication with marks of displeasure; but offered him a small place, worth about a hundred pounds

[6] At Oxford Swift produced the first verses which he ever wrote, a version of Hor. Od. ii. 18. Sir William and Lady Temple pressed him to write his Pindaric Odes, which Scott says are not worse than the Pindarics of Cowley and Donne.

[7] Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William Temple, declared to a friend of mine, that Sir William hired Swift to read to him and be his amanuensis at the rate of £20 a year and his board; which was then high preferment: but that Sir William never favoured him with his conversation because of his ill qualities, nor allowed him to sit down at table with him. Richardson's Correspondence, vol. vi. 173. Scott observes, that the outlines of this unfavourable statement are probably true, if restricted to the earlier part of Swift's residence at Moor Park. And see Swiftiana, vol. i. p. 99, and Dean Swift's Essay, p. 52, 56.

a year, then vacant in Ireland: Swift replied, "That since he had now an opportunity of living without being *driven into the church for a maintenance*, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." This answer conveyed his belief of the insincerity, and his feelings of the indelicacy of Sir William's proposal; and they parted with resentment at least on one side, and displeasure on both.[8]

He procured a slight recommendation to Lord Capel, then lord deputy of Ireland, and was ordained in September, 1694, being then almost twenty-seven years old. Soon after, Lord Capel gave him the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about a hundred pounds a year. To this place Swift repaired to discharge the duties of his office, and taste, for the first time, the sweets of independence. But there were many serious drawbacks on his happiness; he was placed in a very obscure situation and in a half-civilized country; he enjoyed none of the charms of society, or the advantages of enlightened conversation; his mind looked back with regret to the delights which Moor Park had so long afforded; he was also reluctant that his talents and his ambition should be buried in the seclusion of a distant and deserted place; and having received a kind letter from Sir William himself, which proved that all animosities had subsided, and which contained an invitation to his house, Swift resigned his living,[9]

[8] The bishops required a certificate of Swift's conduct while residing with Sir William Temple. This was very grating to Swift's feelings, and he paused for five months before he asked for one; his deacon's orders are dated 18th October, 1694, and his priest's on the 13th January following.

[9] Swift obtained the living of Kilroot for a poor clergyman with a large family, whom he had accidentally met

and hastened to England, after a little more than a year's absence. His residence with Sir William Temple was now voluntary; and they appear to have lived in mutual confidence and esteem. Swift maintained[1] his same diligent pursuit of study, and performed the duties of chaplain in the family.

Swift took on himself the office of preceptor to a niece of Sir W. Temple, who resided in the house; and, at the same time, Miss Esther Johnson, so well known as Stella, shared the benefits of the instructor.[2] Miss Johnson was daughter of a gentleman of good family in Nottingham, by profession a merchant in London; she was about fourteen years of age, very beautiful,[3] possessing fine talents, and it is not to be wondered at, that Swift took peculiar pleasure in cultivating and im-

with; the clergyman pressed him to accept his black mare, which he did; and then on a horse of his own and fourscore pounds in his pocket he quitted Ireland. Of the calumnious story of Swift's being obliged to resign Kilroot for a *rape* on one of his farmer's daughters, see the note in Scott's Life, p. 40, and Tatler, No. 188.

[1] List of the books which he read in one year is given in Sheridan's Life of Swift, p. 24. They consist chiefly of history and poetry. He says in 1651, "that he had written and burned and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than, perhaps, any man in England." vol. xv. p. 252, ed. Scott. In 1697, he wrote what Scott calls his *nervous* verses on the burning of Whitehall, found among the papers of Mr. Lyons. See them in Scott's Life, p. 46. The principles on which they are written are those of the Revolution. There is thought and vigour of expression in them, but a great want of harmony and finish.

[2] Stella's sister married Mr. More, steward of Sir W. Temple, after the death of the latter. See Scott's Swift, v. xv. p. 268.

[3] "However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years be doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green."
Stella's Birthday, 1718-19.

proving her mind, though he probably little thought how closely their fortunes and their fame were hereafter to be united. He wrote his digressions in the Tale of the Tub and the Battle of the Books at this time.[3]

Sir W. Temple[4] died in the year 1699,[5] leaving

[3] The idea of the "Battle of the Books" is taken from "Coutraye's Histoire Poetique de la Guerre nouvellement declarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes," a spirited poem, divided into eleven books, inferior to Swift's work in personal satire and richness of humour, but resembling it in plan. It appears from a letter of Atterbury, 29th June, 1704, that when the Tale of a Tub first appeared, it was given to Ed. Smith, (Rag Smith), and John Philips, v. Swiftiana, vol. ii. p. 49, 120.

[4] Mrs. Jane Swift, to Mr. Dean Swift, May 26, 1699.---"My poor brother has lost his best friend, Sir W. Temple, who was so fond of him while he lived that he made him give up his living in this county (the prebend of Kilroot) to stay with him at Moor Park, and promised to get him one in England; but death came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living." And see Swift's letter to Lord Palmerston, Jan. 29, 1725-6. "I own myself indebted to Sir W. Temple for recommending me to the late king, though without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose if I retired to his house on any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies; for being born to no fortune, *I was at his death as far to seek as ever*, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him, &c."

[5] When Sheridan asked Swift what authors he would advise him to read for the study of English, he replied, "Sir W. Temple, not his latter works, written after his long residence abroad, for his style became corrupted by the introduction of new fangled words and phrases, which he fell into by conversing and writing so much in foreign languages; but such of his works as were written before his going ambassador to Nimeguen. And after him I do not know any writer in our language that I would recommend to you as a model."---p. 27.

Swift a legacy and the advantage to be derived from publishing his posthumous writings. He also obtained from King William a promise of a stall at Canterbury or Westminster for him. How much Swift esteemed him, may be seen in a part of the register which he kept of Sir William's illness, where he concludes :—" He died at 1 o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good among men." From another memorandum copied by Thomas Steele, Esq. jun. we have this further character of his patron :—" He was a person of the greatest wisdom, justice, liberality, politeness, elegance, of his age and nation. The truest lover of his country, and one that deserved more from it by his eminent public services than any man before or since, besides his great deserving of the Commonwealth of having been universally esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time."

On the death of Sir W. Temple, Swift removed to London, and his first care was to discharge the trust reposed on him of publishing a full and correct edition of his patron's works. This he dedicated to the king. After waiting some time for the fulfilment of the promise made for his advancement in the church, he addressed a memorial to the monarch; but it is said that Swift had reason to believe that the Earl of Romney, who promised to second it with all his interest, in fact suppressed it, and never mentioned it at all. After waiting some time in vain, he relinquished his hopes of preferment, and accepted the offer made to him by Lord Berkeley of attending him to Ireland as his private secretary and chaplain. When they arrived at Dublin, he found himself supplanted in the former office by a person of the name

of Bush,[5] who had ingratiated himself into his lordship's favour. Swift's indignation, ever ready to awaken at the first appearance of insult, took flame, and he lampooned without mercy the governor and his new made secretary, in a copy of verses that were widely circulated. The rich deanery of Derry now fell vacant, and Swift applied for it. Lord Berkeley said it had been promised to Bush[6] for another, but that perhaps the affair might be arranged. Swift had an interview with the Secretary, who frankly told him that he was to have a thousand pounds for it. Swift knew this could not be done without Lord Berkeley's participation, and made no other answer than "God confound you both for a couple of rascals."[7] He then left the castle, resolving to see him no more. Lord Berkeley was however unwilling to exasperate a person who could so successfully revenge himself, and he therefore presented him to the rectory of Agher, and the vicarage of Laracor and Rath-beggin, in the diocese of Meath. They were not worth, in value, a third of the deanery,[8]

[5] Now enters *Bush*, with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyster.
The Discovery.

[6] See Swift's poem called "The Discovery," which, with other satirical effusions, were the evidences of his resentment against Lord Berkeley, and which probably had some share in determining the Earl to get rid of so untractable a dependent, by gratifying him with a living as soon as possible.

[7] Lord Ossory asserts that Swift would have obtained this preferment but for the interference of Dr. King, afterwards the archbishop of Dublin, who objected to Swift's youth.

[8] When the prebend of Dunlarin was added in 1700, Swift's income amounted to near £400; he managed this with great economy, but devoted one tenth part to acts of

but Swift had experienced sufficiently the uncertainty of courtly promises to trust much to the chances of the future, he, therefore, accepted them, and kept on friendly terms with his lordship, one inducement to which was, the respect he felt for the Countess, whose virtues and excellencies he has praised in his introduction to the Project for the Advancement of Religion.

It was at this time that his talent in light and humorous poetry[9] was first displayed, which he wrote for the amusement of his lordship's family; but when the government of Ireland devolved on another person, Swift retired to his living at Laracor, conscientiously discharging the duties of his office. It appears, from some letters which have found their way into the world, that he had been enamoured of a young lady of the name of Jane Waryng, sister of his chamber-fellow at college. As she had but a slender fortune of about £100 a-year, and Swift at that time was in possession of no certain income, her good sense and prudence made her resolve to delay their union

charity and benevolence; he also allowed to his sister, Mrs. Fenton, what was necessary to her support. See Dean Swift's Essay, p. 104, but he never saw her but once after her husband's death, and then by accident. The family of Swifts in Ireland were in no terms of friendship with the Dean, when he returned, after the queen's death. See Swift's Essay, p. 352.

[9] Sir W. Scott justly observes that Swift's Lines, written in a Lady's Ivory Table Book, 1698, are the first which displays his strong and peculiar vein of humour; his genius seems to have thrown off its encumbrances, and assumed proper and legitimate exercise, so soon as he was released from his slavish dependance upon Temple. The respect (says Scott) with which Swift treats Blackmore in the Battle of the Books, in comparison to his usage of Dryden, shows, as plainly as his own ode to the Athenian society, that he was at this period incapable of estimating the higher kinds of poetry.

till they were in possession of an income competent to their support. A letter from Swift, dated April, 1696, is published, which is written in the usual style of a complaining lover, and which accuses his Varina of formality and coldness, and too great an observance of the customs and opinions of the world. He tells her, "that he has resolved to die as he has lived—all hers; and that matrimony is a just and honorable *action*, which would furnish *health* to her." After he had obtained his preferment, which amounted to about £400 a-year, Varina, having her only objections removed, naturally looked forward to the fulfilment of their engagement; but the fascination of a more attractive person had begun to show its influence over our faithless lover's heart. A second letter appears, four years after the one mentioned (May, 1700), in which there is a very remarkable alteration of style and address. It is written in the terms of one anxious to escape from a connexion which he regrets ever to have formed.[1] Every trifling excuse is found, and every imaginable impediment introduced, and there are demands made by him, and expressions used, which put their union on a footing so humiliating to the lady, that certainly

[1] Swift appears to have given in to the habits of *flirtation* in early life; and Scott says, that to this indulged (in) merely from vanity, or for the sake of amusement, we are to trace the well-known circumstances which embittered his life and impaired his reputation. Mr. Deane Swift accounts for Swift's not marrying Stella, from the *lowness of her birth*. She had been for some time waiting maid to Swift's sister. Mr. Deane Swift lays great stress on this point. Vide Essay, p. 84. "The meanness of her birth, like an evil genius, stood in her way." So does Lord Orrery, vide Remarks, p. 24. In my opinion this circumstance has been too much overlooked by the biographers of Swift. His objection to his sister's marriage arose from the low station of the husband; this he *never forgave*.

no female could for a moment have entertained the idea of acquiescing in such a proposal. Though I have had no experience in love myself, and am ignorant of the sensibilities and feelings of the female heart, yet I should think no lady could expect to be questioned by her lover concerning the state of her health and the cleanliness of her person; but the true cause of Swift's declining affections were now to be more clearly seen.

Stella, for so Esther Johnson must hereafter be called, was now eighteen; after the death of Sir W. Temple she resided with a lady of the name of Dingley, who was related to the family of Temple. Stella's fortune consisted of one thousand pounds, bequeathed by Sir William, and Mrs. Dingley's annuity was exceedingly small. When Swift, therefore, proposed to both the ladies to come over to Ireland to reside, where the interest of money was greater, and the price of living much less, it is no wonder that the invitation was received with pleasure. Soon after their arrival they took a lodging at Trim, a town situated near Laracor, and their presence and conversation reconciled him to his obscure retirement. Of the softer and romantic qualities of the heart, which open the avenues of love, Swift was entirely devoid; his mind was bent on higher objects, and interested in busier and more ambitious scenes: I have no doubt but that he regarded the blooming and beautiful Stella with the most sincere friendship, and with something more than a brotherly fondness and affection;[2] but women turn every thing

[2] Mr. Thomas Swift, in a letter in 1706, asks "if Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen that marched quite from Moor Park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the North or anywhere else) with full resolution to engage him.'

into love. If Stella did not mistake the nature of Swift's attachment, she did not consider the other passions of his mind which might oppose or weaken it; of most men she would probably have judged rightly; but unfortunately she had to speculate on the motives of a person eminently singular in his temper and thoughts, inclined to move out of the road which leads to general happiness, and to find one more congenial to his own disposition. There is a kind of attachment which it is not always easy to distinguish from love, and which is yet distinct from it; either Stella's want of sagacity could not separate these, or her hopes and affections forced her to overlook the distinction. An event took place a year or two after this time, which we might conjecture would one way or another have brought Swift's feelings to a decision, and cleared up all the past ambiguity of his conduct. Stella received an offer of marriage from the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, a friend and companion of Swift's. Swift was, of course, consulted by her, and, we may suppose, with no common anxiety as to the result of his opinion. That he could not wish the offer to be accepted must be obvious; but the answer which he returned to Dr. Tisdall certainly left the field open to his solicitations; he says, "In answer, I will, upon my honour and conscience, tell you the naked truth. If my fortunes and *humour* served me to think of that state, I should certainly, of all persons on earth, make your choice, because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers. *This was the utmost I ever gave way to.* And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be any impediment to you." The proposal was however declined by Stella, doubtless from her

great attachment to Swift, and her hopes of seeing her happiness confirmed by his marriage with her. "Swift," says Scott, "maintained a long acquaintance with Tisdall[3] without ever liking him, and he certainly felt rivalry in the case of Stella.

In 1701, Swift went to London, leaving his parish[4] and his charming companions, in the hopes, it is said, of discovering some opportunity of distinguishing himself, and advancing his fortune. He found the public mind in a ferment, occasioned by the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Oxford, Lord Somers and Lord Halifax, by the House of Commons, on account of their share in the Partition Treaty; on this occasion he wrote his first political tract—"A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions of Athens and Rome." The name of the author was for some time unknown; but on his return to Ireland, in the heat of conversation, Swift confessed to Bishop Sheridan that he wrote it, while the Bishop insisted that it was written by Burnet: this is said to be the only instance that Swift was ever known to have owned directly any piece of his that came in secrecy before the public.

Early in the ensuing spring, King William died, and Swift, on his next visit to London, found Queen Anne upon the throne. The whigs[5] had the whole administration of affairs within their

[3] They say *black Tisdall's* of your party,
And Tom, and bold translator Carty.

The case truly stated between Swift and Bettesworth, 1736. See Swift's Epigram on Tisdall in Scott's Life, p. 75, and the Beau's Reply to the Fine Lady's Answer.

[4] The house in Loracor is now in ruins. See Anecdotes of Swift while there in Swiftiana, vol. i. p. 2, p. 60.

[5] Swift has been classed among the *Whigs*, as the only political tract which he ever published was in their favour, and his connexions lay among them, and he had adopted

hands, and they looked on Swift as a staunch adherent of their party; but he considered some of their measures dangerous and unconstitutional, and declined all the overtures which they anxiously made him. The principles on which he professed to act were too moderate to please any party, especially in a season of political excitement; more especially he differed with them in what he considered their indifference to the interests of the church. He described himself at this period, in his Verses to Ardelia (Mrs. Finch), as "a whig, and one who wears a gown," though a high church whig, as Scott observes, was a political character of which all parties refused to recognise the existence. He withdrew, therefore, again to his living, performed fully and exactly all the parochial duties of it. Once a year he visited his mother in Leicestershire, and occasionally mingled in the society of London. During those years he wrote little, except his Meditations on a Broomstick, and the Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind. The former was a sportive imitation of the style in which Boyle's Meditations are written; and Swift gravely read it to Lady Berkeley as a genuine effusion of that pious and learned author.[6]

the name in a copy of verses addressed to the Honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Lady Winchelsea.

> And last, my vengeance to complete,
> May you descend to take renown,
> Prevailed on by the thing you hate,
> A *Whig*, and one who wears a gown.

See his character of a Whig in his Arguments against the power of Bishops. But of his Whig principles and professions at this time no doubt can be entertained. Vide Edin. Rev. No. liii. p. 11.

[6] This anecdote came from Lady Betty Germaine, daughter of Lady Berkeley, and was communicated to Sheridan by the late Lady Lambert, an intimate of Lady Betty's.

Swift, at this time, was not acquainted with many authors of eminence. Congreve he had met at Sir William Temple's, and a ludicrous account is given of his first interview with Addison and Arbuthnot, at Button's Coffee House.[7] But he was soon to be brought into more general notice. In 1704, the celebrated Tale of a Tub was published. Though it appeared without a name, yet it had been often shown in manuscript at Sir W. Temple's to his relatives and friends. Swift, with singular indifference to fame, had kept this piece by him for eight years after it had been completely finished. Of this book Dr. Johnson says, "Charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example. When this wild work first roused the attention of the public, Sacheverell meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, seeming to think him the author; but Smalridge answered with indignation,—"Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that we ever shall have, should hire me to write[8] the Tale of a Tub." There can be no doubt but that the offence given by this work proved to be the real bar which prevented Swift's ever attaining an eminent situation in the church. The author hath reason (said Atterbury) to conceal himself,

[7] See Sheridan's Life, p. 445, and Scott's ditto, p. 81-3, he was called the MAD PARSON.

[8] Mrs. Whiteway observed the Dean, in the latter years of his life, looking over the Tale, when suddenly closing the book, he muttered, in an unconscious soliloquy,---"Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book." Scott's Life, p. 89. He considered this work to be the source of his favourable reception with Lord Oxford's ministry.

because of the profane strokes in that piece, which would do his reputation and interest in the world more harm than his wit can do him good. After the publication of this work, Swift wrote nothing of consequence for three or four years. He formed however a very close connexion with Addison, which ripened into a sincere and lasting friendship. Swift considered his conversation to be the most agreeable he ever met with; and Addison appears to have thought most highly of the genius[9] of Swift.

In 1708,[1] he published several pieces on religious and political subjects. "The Argument against Abolishing Christianity" was allowed to be an admirable specimen of very successful irony. He wrote also the Sentiments of a Church of England Man, which was the cause of the first coolness between him and his original friends of the whig party. He had stated to Lord Somers that although he felt himself inclined to be a whig in politics, he was, as to clerical rights, a high churchman, and did not conceive how it was possible that one who wore the habit of a clergyman should not be so. But all attempts at reconciling high church politics to whig principles

[9] In 1705, Addison made a present of his Book of Travels to Dr. Swift, in the blank leaf of which he wrote the following words:

To
Dr. Jonathan Swift,
The most agreeable companion,
The truest friend,
And the greatest genius of his age,
This book is presented, by his
Most humble servant
The Author.

[1] In 1708, Swift used to lodge with Sir Andrew Fountaine when he was in London.

soon appeared to be desperate; and the interests of his order prevailed with Swift over his favour for the political principles of Somers and Godolphin. His letter on "The Sacramental Test" completed the alienation. He wrote also, The Sentiments of a Church of England Man (which was the cause of the first coolness between him and his original friends of the Whig party) and the Ridicule of Astrology, under the name of Bickerstaff, and the Defence of the Sacramental Test.[2] With regard to the last subject, Dr. Johnson remarks, "that the reasonableness of a test is not hard to be proved, but perhaps it must be allowed that the proper test has not been chosen."[3] The attention paid to the papers under the name of Bickerstaff induced Steele, when he projected the Tatler, to assume an appellation that had already gained possession of the reader's notice. The object of the Church of England Man was one that has

[2] "The Letter on Enthusiasm," written by the third Earl of Shaftesbury, and published in 1708, was for a long time universally ascribed to Swift, of which he complains in the Apology of the Tale of a Tub.

[3] The Earl of Wharton, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, showed a great inclination to remove the Sacramental Test, as far as dissenters were concerned. This was another offence in the eyes of Swift, who had been slighted by him before. The Whig party said that when Somers introduced Swift to Wharton, as a fit person to be his chaplain, the latter answered, alluding to Swift's supposed opinions on religion, "We must not encourage those fellows, we have not character enough ourselves." A sarcasm Swift did not fail to avenge. In the fourteenth number of the Examiner, the late Lord Lieutenant was depicted under the character of Verres, and in 1710 appeared his famous character of him. Swift's Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland, on choosing a New Speaker there, 1736, vol. vi. p. 261, has immediate reference to the subject of the abolition of the Sacramental Test.

invariably failed as often as it has been tried, which was to moderate the violence of two contending parties, and to propose an intermediate ground on which they could meet; he wished to drop the terms of high and low church, which were only calculated to keep up animosity; "and to set down a just, political, and religious creed, so far as related to a connexion between Church and State, as every honest subject of the Church of England must at once assent to."

The Whigs, who had narrowly escaped being[4] turned out of office by the intrigues of Mr. Harley, and who had hitherto looked on Swift as an uncertain friend, who did not enter fully into their opinions, now coveted him, when they saw the great and various talents which he had displayed; they were willing to make him their champion whom they dreaded as their enemy; but Swift's opinions were firm, and proof against all soli-

[4] See Swift's letter to Archbishop King, Feb. 12, 1707-8. This letter, says Scott, narrates the result of the artful scheme laid by R. Harley, with the assistance of Mrs. Masham, Queen Anne's new favourite, to displace the Whig ministry, under which he was secretary. It is worthy of observation with what coolness Swift writes of the failure of this project, which when successfully removed in 1711, formed the administration of which he was the warmest defender. The Lord Treasurer (Lord Godolphin) and the Duke of Marlborough went out of the council, and Harley delivered a memorial to the queen, relating to the emperor and the war. It was then, that the Duke of Somerset rose up and said, If her majesty suffered that fellow (pointing to Harley) to treat affairs of the war without advice of the general, he could not serve her; and so left the council. The Earl of Pembroke, though in milder words, spoke to the same purpose. Harley was educated a Whig; but when he lost, in 1708, his place as secretary under Lord Godolphin's administration, he closed definitively with the Tories.

citation:[5] they therefore wished to remove him by giving him some honourable situation abroad; a secretaryship to the embassy at Vienna was mentioned; and what to Swift would have been a far more desirable appointment; a scheme was on foot to make him Bishop of Virginia, with a general authority over all the clergy in the American colonies.

In the year following he wrote "A Project for the Advancement of Religion,"[6] addressed to Lady Berkeley. "To this Project," says Johnson, "which is formed with just purity of intention, and displayed with sprightliness and elegance, it can only be objected, that like many projects, if not generally impracticable, it is yet evidently hopeless, as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason for expecting." Sheridan considers that the treatise had a political purpose, and that under the appearance of disinterestedness inculcating the

[5] "Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day. It was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too, and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of." Jour. to Stella, p. 31. Halifax had not been sparing in professions to Swift (see his letter), and even hinted a wish to make him a prebendary of Westminster. See Swift's letter to Lady B. Germaine, June 8, 1735. He entertained a great dislike to Somers, and calls him in his Journal "a false deceitful rascal;" and in his addition to Mackey's (Davis's) Characters, he says, "I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualification except virtue. He had violent passions, and had only subdued them by his great prudence," but compare the Dedication to the Tale of a Tub, where the picture is reversed. Vide Swiftiana, vol. ii. p. 161.

[6] See Scott's Observations on the Treatise, vol. viii. pp. 79—81, and the fifth number of the Tatler.

principles of religion and morality, it aimed at the destruction of the power of the Whigs.

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he remained till the following year, when the fall of the Whig ministry under Godolphin and Somers took place, and Mr. Harley and St. John came into power. He passed much of his time with Addison, secretary to the Earl of Wharton,[7] then lord lieutenant. He was also requested by the bishops of Ireland to take on him the charge of soliciting a remission of the first fruits and tenths to the clergy of that kingdom. He took the office with reluctance, but his regard for the interests of the church outweighed all other considerations, and he set out for England as soon as his credentials were ready. It may be observed, in Swift's correspondence with Archbishop King on this subject, how anxious he was that his friend Harley[8] should have the merit of the grant to the clergy of Ireland; while the archbishop, not very partial to the new administration, was disposed

[7] Swift displays always much personal animosity against Lord Wharton, which some of his biographers think may have arisen from disappointed hopes; Lord Wharton was deep in the Whig interest, a person of considerable talent, as also of profligacy, though excelled in both by his son the celebrated Duke of Wharton. See Journal to Stella, p. 102, Dec. 8; and Archbishop King's letter to Swift, Jan. 9, 1710. Swift wrote a short character of his Ex. T. E., of W. L. L. of I. —, with an account of some smaller facts during his government, which will not be put into the articles of impeachment, 1711, price 4*d*. The story of the chaplaincy refused to him rests on the authority of Dr. Salter. See Scott's Life, p. 98. Oldmixon, in his History, p. 426, actually states that Swift was proposed by Lord Wharton to be one of his chaplains.

[8] Swift (says Scott) was extremely anxious that Harley should have the full honour of granting the request of the Irish clergy, and was much dissatisfied with the directions he received from the bishops to solicit from the Duke of

to consider it as an act of the queen's personal bounty.[9]

On his arrival in London, in September, 1700, Swift found that there was war declared between the two parties. There was no room for moderating measures; and he was obliged, according to his own principles of action, to choose the side on which he would act. The whigs would gladly have made sacrifices to secure him; but the good fortune of the Tories prevailed; for Swift's political opinions (as Scott observes) turned chiefly upon zeal for the interests of his order. "I should be terribly vexed, he says in his Journal, to see things come round again; it would ruin the church and the clergy for ever." He was also enraged at his cool reception from Lord Godolphin, which he revenged by his lampoon of Sid Hamet, read at Harley's, October 15, 1710, but not suspected to be Swift's. It had immense success.

Swift's office of soliciting the remission of the first fruits led to interviews with Harley, and the minister Ormond what he judged had already been conceded by the premier. See the letter signed by the bishops on the 31st of August, 1710, in Scott's ed. of Swift, vol. ii. p. 5. In the memoirs relating to the change in the queen's ministry, vol. iii. p. 190, Swift gives an account of this transaction; Harley in five interviews with the queen settled the matter, and got a promise for a more important favour to the clergy, which was the remission of the twentieth parts; but an attempt on the part of the bishops to deprive him of the merit of obtaining the grant of the first fruits, deterred him from further interference. See Examiner, No. xxv. and xliv.

[9] During the reign of Queen Anne, the body of the clergy were high church men; but the bishops who had been chiefly promoted since the Revolution, were Whiggish in politics, and moderate in their sentiments of church governments: hence the upper and lower houses of convocation rarely agreed in sentiment on affairs of church and state. Lord Oxford's family had been dissenters, and he himself entered life in that persuasion.

did not lose the favourable opportunity. Swift, it appears, had long been in his own mind of the Tory side, and he only waited a convenient juncture to declare himself. He was represented "as one extremely ill-used by the last ministry." Harley's condescension flattered his pride; his obliging behaviour[1] secured his friendship; accordingly, after he had inquired into their plans, and the measures which they meant to pursue, and found them agreeable to his own sentiments, he entered into their interests with his whole heart. He says in his Journal, November 29, 1710. "The present ministry have a difficult task, and want me. According to the best judgment I have they are pursuing the true interest of the public, and, therefore, I am glad to contribute all that lies in my power." His account of his interview with Lord Radnor proves how zealous a partisan he was. The writers on both sides had already taken the field. Addison,[2] Burnet, Steele,[3] Congreve, and

[1] Harley had a large share of the Volto Sciolto recommended to politicians, although the Duchess of Marlborough alleges that a constant awkward motion, or rather agitation of his head and body betrayed, what her grace calls, a turbulent dishonesty within, even in the midst of all those familiar airs, jocular bowing and smiling, which he always affected, to cover what could not be covered; "his chief defect as a statesman was his reserve and procrastination. The Whig journals all upbraid Harley with his hard drinking, and even the queen accused him of intoxication." See the Duchess of Marlborough's character of him in her Apology, p. 261.

[2] "Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed, and, I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused." Journal, p. 43. A remarkable testimony (says Scott) in favour of Addison's amiable temper, especially coming from a friend, whose friendship was in the very act of becoming chill. In his advice to a young poet Swift calls him the *immortal Addison*.

[3] The cause of the mortal quarrel between Swift and Steele may be seen in the Journal to Stella, p. 114, and in

Rowe, were the leaders of the Whigs. For the Tories appeared Bolingbroke, Freind, Atterbury, and Prior. The latter had begun a paper called "The Examiner,"[4] to which they all contributed; but as soon as Swift appeared they gladly resigned the controversial flail into his powerful hands, who had returned from Ireland, stung with resentment at the neglect he had experienced from Lord Wharton, and burning with revenge upon the whole Whig party. Addison soon detected the new auxiliary, and retired from the field, though Dr. Johnson considers that his papers were superior to his antagonist's. Swift's first paper was published on the 2nd of November, 1710, No. 13, which was little more than a month after his introduction to Harley, and he continued them till June 7, 1711, when he closed it with No. 45, leaving it to be carried on by other hands. He was then in terms of entire intimacy with the whole ministry; this he best preserved by a line of conduct, showing his independence and self-respect. Harley sent him a bank-note of fifty pounds. Swift had the good sense and prudence to return it, and was not reconciled to the minister till he had let him know that he expected to be treated on a footing of entire equality. One must feel a little surprise that Harley did not better understand the character of the person to whom this trifling remuneration was offered.

the Correspondence, vol. iii. on the Character of Steele, vol. v. p. 441, probably by Dr. Wagstaffe and Swift.

[4] See character of "The Examiner," supposed to be by Gay, in note to Journal to Stella. Scott's ed. vol. ii. p. 264. Swift wrote the first part of No. 46. Prior bore the brunt of the battle against "The Whig Examiner" of Addison. I do not know whether it is worth mentioning that Stella was a Whig. Dr. Johnson says that she could not *spell*, but in those days what Lady could?

The ministry had endeavoured to act upon a temporizing system. It stood, as Swift says, "like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side, and the violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them." Lord Somers was seen more than once in the queen's closet, and the Duchess of Somerset, an intriguing and insinuating woman, who had succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough, held the key. Again, he says, "we are plagued with an October club, that is, a set of above one hundred parliament men of the county, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult on affairs, and drive things to extremes against the Whigs. The minority is for gentle measures, and the other Tories for more violent." But there were also divisions in the camp. Harley was reserved and mysterious in his conduct, and procrastinating in his measures, and St. John, though a person of great spirit and energy, wasted much important time in his pleasures and habits of dissipation. Swift expostulated, sometimes seriously, sometimes jocosely with both. The Whig leaders he knew to be active and zealous, leaving nothing undone, while his friends were remiss in their operations, and not united in their councils. Two points he thought of the utmost importance; the one was, to put an end to the cabals[5] of the October club which threatened

[5] Harley had after the defeat of the Whigs to guard against those of his own party, who were determined Jacobites or high-flying Tories, and who were resolved not only on victory but revenge; and to balance the furious activity of these factions, which, at length, under St. John's guidance, undermined his power; therefore he kept in place a considerable number of the Whig party.---Journal to Stella, p. 25.

the most dangerous consequences to the ministry;[6] the other was, to make a peace, without which he considered the ministry could not stand. The first point was accomplished without difficulty. He published a little pamphlet, called, "Some Advice to the Members of the October Club." They were[7] satisfied with the reasonings, and dropped their meetings. The affair of the peace was of greater difficulty,[8] for the disposition of the nation was for war, and the ministry dared not even hint a desire to put an end to it. Swift, however, undertook the task, and drew up, in consequence,

[6] This club of country gentlemen, swayed by their prepossessions, and totally unable to discover through the mist of prejudice, either the true road to their party's interest or their country's, nearly ruined, by their embarrassing violence, the administration which, as Tories, they were bound to support.---*Scott*. See the manner in which Harley contrived to break up this dangerous club in the Secret History of the White Staff by Defoe, p. 15. See a list of the principal members of this club in Scott's Swift, vol. iv. p. 81. They consisted of about two hundred members of parliament, and met at the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster.

[7] Lord Oxford was suspected by the Jacobites of favour for the House of Hanover, while Bolingbroke and Ormond were certainly in the interest of the Chevalier de St. George, though they concealed their principles from Tories like Swift. Their flight and the rebellion of the Earl of Mar, showed their designs to have been deep and dangerous. Toland, the Deist, openly charged the Earl of Oxford with the design of bringing in the Pretender. Vide The Art of Restoring, or the Piety and Probity of General Monk, p. 41. On the other, he is stated to have increased the jealousy of his own party, by keeping his kinsman, Sir Thomas Kirby, at the Court of Hanover, without any official character.

[8] The Tory ministry found the public disinclined to conclude a war in which England had been victorious. Before, therefore, they ventured to hint a peace, they endeavoured to point out such extravagant expense and imposition in conducting the war, as would lead indirectly to disgust the nation with the conduct of the general, and of the

his famous political tract, called, "The Conduct of the Allies."[9] It is said, that between November and January eleven thousand were sold: the object of it, as is well known, was to prove that the war was maintained at a prodigious cost by us, solely through the avarice and ambition of Marlborough, and for the advantage of the allies. Certain, it seems, that the ministry were indebted to Swift for their immediate preservation from a destruction which appeared inevitable, and for the solid establishment of their future power. He found time amid political engagements to publish a proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue, in a letter to the Earl of Oxford.[1] The plan which he wished to institute for effecting this purpose, seems, if not absurd, at least, exceedingly defective; as Swift possessed no knowledge of those ancient languages, the parents of our own, which could alone safely guide him in his projected inquiries. The purity of a language will never be preserved by the laws of an academy, who themselves participate in the cause of its change, and who neither have power to effect its renewal, or delay its decline.

This year, 1712, he published his Reflections on the Barrier Treaty, showing how little regard had been shown in that negotiation to the interest of England, and how much had been claimed by the Dutch. This was followed by "Remarks on the

ministers who managed it. It was the country interest that formed the majority in the House of Commons when peace was made. The Duke of Marlborough and Godolphin expostulated against it as highly impolitic. Prince Eugene urged the continuance of the war, and offered to bear a proportion of the expenses.

[9] See Scott's remarks on this tract in vol. iv. p. 300.

[1] A List of Tracts, composed by Swift, in support of Lord Oxford's administration, may be seen in Scott's edition, vol. vi. p. 215---226.

Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the third volume of the History of the Reformation." Sheridan thinks highly of the humour and argument of these two pamphlets: he says, "This distinguishes Swift's political tracts from all others—that these were written for a day, his for perpetuity. They borrowed their chief merit from circumstances and times, he from the immensity of his genius. Their chief value arose from fashion, his from weight." Certainly, Swift brought greater vigour of thought, richness of humour, variety of fancy, and pungency of satire to bear on political disquisitions than any writer of his day.

In 1713 the printer, Barker, was prosecuted by the House of Lords for "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," a pamphlet written in answer to a tract of Sir Richard Steele's, called "The Crisis." All the Scotch Lords then in London went to the queen and complained of the affront put on them and their nation by the author; upon which a proclamation was published by her majesty, offering a reward of three hundred pounds to discover him. Lord Oxford sent Swift a letter, written in a counterfeit hand, inclosing a hundred pound bill, to meet the expenses of the case.[2]

The ministry were not unmindful of the great benefits which he had conferred upon them; but they found many serious obstacles in their way, when they attempted to reward him in the only manner which he deserved, by a suitable and dignified preferment in the church. The Duchess of Somerset returned Swift's hatred with interest;[3]

[2] See vol. xvi. p. 103.

[3] See the verses, "The Author on Himself."

Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her **** spouse,
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear distils, &c.

when he was recommended to a bishopric (the See of Hereford) she prevailed on Sharpe, the Archbishop of York, to oppose it, who advised the Queen, "That her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a Bishop, was a Christian."[3] When asked for reasons to support his insinuations, he could only suppose that Swift was the author of the Tale of a Tub. But the Duchess had stronger arguments and better influence. She went to the Queen,[4] with tears in her eyes, and throwing herself on her knees, presented that bitter copy of verses which Swift had written against her, called the Windsor Prophecy. The Queen shared in the resentment of her favourite, and the Bishopric was bestowed on another.

After many difficulties and much procrastination, arising from the Queen's dislike to bestow any preferment in England on Swift, and from Lord Oxford's unwillingness to part with him, in April 1713, the Deanery of St. Patrick was obtained for him, worth above seven hundred a year, and which he professed to consider only as an ho-

[3] See also to the same effect, Lord Nottingham's Speech in the House of Lords, when the Schism Bill was depending, v. Admixon's History, p. 534.

[4] Swift was never introduced to Queen Anne, (though Harley had given him a promise that he should be) owing, no doubt, to the various misrepresentations made of his religious principles. Bolingbroke always insisted that Oxford was backward in assisting Swift's promotion. The Treasurer probably was unwilling to own how little the Queen's prejudice left it in his power to serve him. Swift, however, became at last impatient of his state of dependance, and mortified by his repeated disappointments. See Dr. Warton's note, vol. xvi. p. 231. See Dr. King's Anecdotes, p. 61. What authority is there for the editor of Swift (vide Nichol's ed. vol. viii. p. 137) saying, "The queen had determined to fix Swift in England, in spite of the Duchess of Somerset."—?

nourable exile. Swift was anxious for preferment in England, but it could not be obtained; and in June he set out, in no very good humour, for Ireland, to be installed. He had intended to remain some time, but after having passed through the necessary forms,[5] he was recalled to England, to prevent by his efforts a rupture between his friends, Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke. He also applied himself to the finishing the History of the Peace of Utrecht, which he put into the hands of Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke for publication. Scarcely had he a second time returned to his deanery, than he was urgently sent for on the same hopeless errand of reconciling persons between whom there seemed to exist no cordiality or mutual esteem. This effort was as fruitless as the former, and Swift, after the most unavailing conference, returned to the house of his friend, Mr. Geary, at Letcomb;[6] there he composed his Pamphlet, called "Some free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs;" in which the system of Tory government recommended is as daring, dangerous, and unconstitutional, as was ever advanced by a party-writer. He charges the ministers as the chief causes of the reigning disorders, and lays the greatest load of blame upon the man[7] he loved best in the world, Lord

[5] See the Copy of Verses, fixed on the door of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the day of Swift's instalment, in Scott's Life, p. 175, not wanting in humour or severity.

[6] See a mock-diary of Swift's (being a curious resemblance to the Journal to Stella) printed in one of the Grub Street Tracts, on the occasion of Swift's disappearance, which excited dismay among the friends of the administration and triumph to the Whigs, in Scott's ed., xv. 200. See Swift's Letter to the *second* Earl of Oxford, 1737, containing an account of this transaction, and his attempts as a mediator, vol. xiii. p. 344.

[7] Sheridan endeavours to explain the apparently contra-

Oxford. It is said, that he believed both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke were now more engaged in advancing their schemes of personal ambition, than anxious to discharge their duties to the public; and his object was to alarm their fears with the probability of their being deserted, both by their party and the Queen. The death of the latter, however, put a stop to the publication of his work.[8] Swift's prospects of advancement or ambition, if he ever entertained any, were suddenly and permanently closed; and having nothing more to do in England, he returned to his

dictory accounts given of Lord Oxford, in different parts of Swift's writings. In some he extols him to the skies, in others, he imputes great faults and weaknesses to him. Swift, he says, admired him as a minister, as wise, able, and disinterested; but he thought him utterly unqualified to be the leader of a party. "In your public capacity," Swift writes to him, "you have often angered me to the heart, but as a private man never once."

[8] The printer (Barker) not knowing by whom this pamphlet was written, but much pleased with it, communicated it to Bolingbroke, who made in it some alterations not relished by the Dean, and which retarded the progress of the press so long, that in the interim the Queen died, and the pamphlet was at that time suppressed. The alterations proposed by Bolingbroke were undoubtedly calculated to make the tract serve his interest against Lord Oxford, when the purport of Swift's arguments was, if possible, to reconcile them. See a letter on this subject, from Charles Ford, vol. xvi. 144. 156. It had been supposed that Lord Oxford's fall would have been softened by the grant of a dukedom and a pension of £5000 a year; but, on the contrary, he was deprived of his staff, in a very summary and mortifying manner. See a letter from Erasmus Lewis, January 27, 1714, vol. xvi. p. 166. On the day Lord Oxford resigned, Bolingbroke gave an entertainment to the great persons in the Whig interest; what his purpose was, can hardly be conjectured. "The death of Rochester," says Scott, "left Harley without a rival in ministerial power; yet this very circumstance tended to undo him, by exciting the jealous emulation of his colleague, St. John."

deanery, where he resided for many years. It may be proper in this place to mention, that during the time when Swift possessed influence over the ministry, he exercised it with most disinterested zeal to promote the advancement of men of genius and talent, who were directly opposed to him in politics. In his journal he says, "I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I set Addison[9] so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have permanently secured him the place he has, yet I am worse used by that faction than any man." He says, in a letter to Lady Betty Germaine, "When I had credit for some years at Court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation." He procured the rectory of St. Andrew,

[9] Swift's reconciliation with Addison seems to have taken place in 1717. See a Letter from the latter, in answer to Swift, p. 299. On the back of one of Prior's letters, the Dean had written, "Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum qui diu reipublicæ viventes, pauperes sunt, et nullorum magis;" and see his Letter to Pope, January 10, 1720, in which he mentions how he pressed Lord Oxford in favour of Addison, Rowe, Congreve, Steele, and gives his elegant answer to Lord Halifax, when he asked the Earl upon the first change of ministry, to spare Congreve; Pope owed his introduction to Lord Oxford, Harcourt, and Bolingbroke to Swift. See vol. xvi. p. 402., and Pope's Letter from Binfield, Dec. 2, 1713. Congreve appears to have been much beloved by Swift. See Scott's note on the Journal to Stella, p. 179. vol. ii.

Holborn, for[1] Sacheverell, though he held him in no estimation, from a principle of justice, as he had rendered assistance to the ministry, who had appeared to neglect him.

On Swift's return to Ireland he found the minds of persons in the highest ferment, and the Whigs triumphant. The stories fabricated in England that the late ministry designed to bring in the Pretender were believed, and Tory and Jacobite were used as synonymous terms. Swift became the chief object on whom party vengeance vented its rage. He was insulted and even pelted by the populace in the streets; and the higher classes endeavoured to earn the favour of the government by treating him with insult: he drew up a petition to the House of Lords against the brutal and dangerous conduct of Lord Blaney. In such a situation of affairs, the most prudent and wise part was chosen by him, of retiring to his deanery, arranging his domestic affairs, and discharging the duties of his situation.[2] In a letter, dated Jan. 10, 1721, he tells Pope, "In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent prin-

[1] See Journal to Stella, vol. ii. p. 478, and note by Editor, and note on the Examiner, vol. iii. p. 363.

[2] See Swift's Dedication of his History of England to Count de Gyllenberg, in which his disappointment and discontent is plainly seen. "I say nothing of his present Britannic Majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger, and likely to continue so. . . . I might have avoided some years uneasiness and vexation during the last four years of our excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country, and among a most profligate and abandoned people. . . . Upon her majesty's lamented death I returned to my station in this kingdom; since which time there is not a northern curate among you who has lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the commonest transactions of the world, &c."

cess I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor the number of the family which now reigneth, further than the prayer book informeth me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are at peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal." And in a letter to Gay, he gives the following account of himself. "I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find, and when I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, sleeping, walking, take up eighteen out of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence." In this manner he passed seven years of his life after his return to Ireland. He cultivated the acquaintance of a few persons whose society was agreeable to him.[3] He enjoyed the conversation

[3] Among whom were Sir Arthur and Lady Acheson. "The dean's residence at their seat, Market Hill, produced (says Scott) some of the most marked specimens of his very peculiar poetical vein. The inimitable poem, entitled, The Grand Question Debated! is a proof of the same brilliant humour and happy power of assuming and sustaining a feigned character which distinguished Mrs. Betty Harris's Petition, and other effusions of the author's earlier days; and which at length was too apt to be lost in the trifling and punning intercourse which he maintained in old age with Sheridan and his other friends."

and company of Stella; and in his friend Dr. Sheridan he found one who could return alike his friendship and his wit. He maintained a correspondence with his former friends in England, with Lord Bolingbroke, Harley, Addison, Pope, Prior, and Arbuthnot: with the Duchess of Ormond and Lady Bolingbroke. When Oxford was committed to the Tower, Swift wrote pressingly to him to be permitted to attend him there.[4] His letter begins thus: "My Lord, it may look like an idle or officious thing in me to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances. Yet I could never forgive myself, if, after having been treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor services and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you on my own behalf, and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me."

Lord Oxford immediately on his release wrote him a letter breathing the warmest affection; and

[4] In Swift's paper, called "Great Figures made by several persons in particular actions or circumstances of their lives," among the examples drawn from antiquity, he places "Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial." After the death of Queen Anne, the Treaty of Utrecht was declared contrary to the interests of Britain, and the managers were impeached. Lord Oxford, after two years' imprisonment, was brought to trial for high treason in 1717, when a difference arising between the Lords and Commons, the latter failed to appear to support the impeachment, and Oxford was, of course, unanimously acquitted. Bolingbroke, during the negotiation of the Peace of Utrecht, was charged with treasonable intimacy with the French ministers—a suspicion which was strengthened by his supposed intimacy with Madame Tencin.

Bolingbroke helped to solace the hours of his exile, by recalling to Swift the happy hours they had formerly enjoyed together.

Two tracts were drawn up by him about this time: the one, written in 1714, Memoirs relating to that change which happened in the Queen's ministry in the year 1710. The other, An Inquiry into the behaviour of the queen's last ministry,[5] with relation to their quarrels among themselves, and the design charged upon them of altering the succession of the crown. The main object of these works was to exonerate the ministry from the charge so confidently brought against them of a design to bring in the Pretender. They were drawn up without any view to publication, but were intended as calm appeals to posterity in favour of his injured friends.

[5] That Lord Orrery was mistaken when he said that Swift was *employed* but not *trusted*, is apparent from a passage in Mr. Lewis's letter to him, Aug. 6, 1713. "You and I have already laid it down for a maxim that we must serve the lord treasurer without receiving orders, or particular instructions; and I do not yet see a reason for changing that rule. His mind has been communicated *to you more freely than to any other*, but you will not understand it," &c. See also Extract from the MS. Diary of Bishop Kennet for a proof of Swift's Political Importance in 1713, vol. xvi. p. 76. From a passage in Swift's letter to Lord Bolingbroke, Oct. 31, 1729, Mr. Warton inferred that Swift's preference of Oxford to Lord Bolingbroke was not true; but, as Scott observes, to those who look narrowly into Swift's writings, it will appear that he preferred Oxford as a private friend, yet believed that much of the ruin of Queen Anne's administration was owing, on the one hand, to his indolence, and on the other, to his jealousy of Bolingbroke, whose active spirit was more fit to meet the events of that critical period. It is honourable, Scott observes, to Bolingbroke, that of all the Dean's powerful friends, he appeared, while in office, most anxious to fix

In the year 1710, when the ferment of political madness seemed to have subsided, he published his first tract relative to Ireland, entitled, A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures; the object was to give a stimulus to the trade of Ireland, which was in a state of depression, by persuading the people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England, and by showing them that a great part of their poverty and distress was owing to their own folly. But those who had an interest in English trade took the alarm; the proposal was termed seditious, the printer was imprisoned, and the undue severity and suspicion of the Government secured the popularity of the author.[6]

In the year 1724, a circumstance took place, which gave Swift an influence[7] in Ireland, that no one probably has ever equally possessed. A per-

his fortune; and when deprived of power, seems to have been equally assiduous in discovering means of settling him in England. But the exchange proposed of Mr. Talbot's living of Burfield in Berks for Swift's deanery, was too unfavourable to be accepted; See a letter from Bolingbroke, July 18, 1732. Perhaps the passage showing the warmest attachment to Lord Oxford, is in the lately published correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, p. 340. "I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men while he was great, and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable," &c.

[6] See further account of this remarkable prosecution, and Chief Justice Whitshed's conduct, in Scott's Observ. vol. vi. p. 272; and Swiftiana, vol. ii. p. 5.

[7] How Swift subsequently esteemed this popularity may be seen by his letter to Sir C. Morgan, July, 1732. Wherein though I succeeded absolutely in one important article (in endeavouring to save this wretched island), yet even there

son of the name of William Wood, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, a great proprietor and renter of iron works in England, obtained a patent, empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds worth of half-pence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, in which, at that time, there was a very inconvenient scarcity of copper coin, so that it was possible to run in debt on the credit of a piece of money; for a tradesman[8] could not refuse to supply a man who had silver in his hand, and the purchaser would not leave his money without change. Sheridan says, that no one in Ireland was consulted on the subject, nor was any previous notice given to the Lord Lieutenant. The

I lost all hope of favour from those in power here, and disobliged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen signposts of the Drapier in this city, besides those that are scattered in country towns, and even those are half worn out, so that whatever little genius God has given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

[8] D. Swift says "the great force of Dr. Swift's reasoning in the character of an Irish Drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of half-pence in general (which it is certain were much wanted in Ireland in 1724) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth threepence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity, as he had neither given security for his honesty, nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, whereas the half-pence (afterwards) sent over to Ireland in 1737, were coined in the Tower, by the express order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, &c. &c. However it is certain that an advertisement of three lines by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopped their currency.—See note on a Letter from Dr. King to Mrs. Whiteway, June 24, 1737.

old copper coin was gathered up, it is said, by Wood's agents, and the new treasures were ready to be poured into the channels of trade, but it was boldly asserted that the coin was debased to an enormous degree; and Swift wrote his Drapier's Letters for the purpose of showing the folly of receiving a coinage not worth perhaps a third of its nominal value. Swift did not deny that Ireland wanted half-pence, and silver, and gold, but he alleges "the fraudulent obtaining and executing of the patent, the baseness of the metal, and the prodigious[9] sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth from foreign importations, and his own counterfeits, as well as those at home; whereby we most infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade. He urged that the patent was passed without the least reference to either, and without mention of any security given by Wood, to receive his own half-pence on demand, both which are contrary to all former proceedings in like cases"—for my own part (he adds) who am but one man of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a law of my own country; and if that shall ever happen, I will transport my-

[9] Swift says in his advertisement, "that the sum is five times greater than our occasions require; and that the half-pence are of such base metal and false weight as to be six parts in seven below the real value." In his poem called "Wood an Insect," Swift alludes to Wood's being in gaol for debt:

"And over these fillets he wisely has thrown—
To keep out of danger—a doublet of stone."

self into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people.

The facts of the case appear to be these. The emoluments arising from the disposal of the patent were given by Lord Sunderland to the Duchess of Kendal, who sold it to Wood.[1] The Duke of Bolton, then lord lieutenant, had neither courage nor inclination to bring this embarrassing project forward; but the Duke of Grafton, who succeeded him, promised to support it. Walpole, on succeeding Sunderland, saw the difficulties, but yielded. When the Duke of Grafton arrived in Ireland, he found a general dislike to the measure. Lord Middleton, Chancellor of Ireland, opposed it strongly: a personal quarrel had arisen between him and the Duke of Grafton, which was fermented by the acts of Carteret, who was intriguing for Walpole's removal. The boasting and threatening conduct of Wood was indiscreet: and the misconduct of Government much greater. The patent passed without the lord lieutenant or the privy-council being consulted. Walpole suffered the duke to depart without sufficient instructions how he was to act. In the mean time the dissensions spread, and factious intrigues increased the embarrassment. The Duke of Grafton was recalled, and Lord Carteret succeeded him; but as he had, from desire to supplant Walpole, promoted the opposition to the introduction of the coin, the part he had to play became doubly difficult; his hopes lay in winning over Lord Middleton, in this he failed, and the patent was surrendered. It appears on a candid consideration of the subject, that the project would have been

[1] Such a worm was Will. Wood, when he scratch'd at the door
Of a governing statesman, or favourite whore!
Wood an Insect.

advantageous ;[1] but the real subject of dispute, was not so much the coinage itself, as that Wood's patent being forced upon the people of Ireland was a death blow to the independence of the kingdom. This was the real foundation of Swift's opposition,[2] though the nature of the controversy made it necessary that he should veil it under specific objections to Wood's scheme, rather than engage in a dangerous discussion upon the abstract question of the independence of the kingdom of Ireland. When he did venture on this argument in his fourth letter, the arm of government was immediately uplifted to strike.

On Lord[3] Carteret's arrival in Ireland, which took place long before the usual time, a proclamation was published, offering the reward of three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author of the fourth Drapier's Letter. Harding, the printer, was imprisoned, and a bill of indictment ordered to be prepared against him. Swift wrote a short paper, called "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," copies of which were distributed to every person of the Jury before the bill, and had such an effect, that it was unanimously thrown out.

[1] Mr. Wood's patent for coining half-pence and farthings for Ireland, was referred to the Lords of the Privy Council of England, who on the 24th July, 1724, drew up a report, justifying the patentee. The assertion that Wood carried on notorious frauds and deceits in the coinage as advanced by Swift, was proved to be false, by an assay made at the Mint, under Sir I. Newton, and his two associates, the result of which was that in weight, goodness, and fineness, it rather exceeded than fell short of the conditions of the patent.—See this report, which is quite satisfactory, in Scott's Edition of Swift, vol. vi. p. 388--399.

[2] See Swift's Speech to the Mayor of Dublin, ed. Nichols, vol. ix. p. 381.

[3] See the third Drapier's letter and fourth, and the Intelligencer, No. xix.

The Lord Chief Justice Whitshed discharged the jury in a rage ;[4] but the next that was summoned drew up a strong presentment supporting the opinions advanced in the Drapier's Letters, in language decisive and strong. This was followed by several others, in various counties ; the affair was looked on as desperate, the patent withdrawn, and the coinage suppressed. Never was greater exultation displayed upon any occasion than appeared in the whole nation on the defeat of this project. The Drapier was hailed by universal voice as the saviour of his country. His name resounded through every quarter of the island ; his picture was set up in every street, and bumpers to his health were poured down every throat.

In the course of these writings Swift took the opportunity of laying open his political principles, declaring his most zealous attachment to the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover, and his abhorrence of the Pretender ; by which means he removed the prejudice against him of being a Jacobite, and secured the favour of the people. During the publication of the Letters Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. The only persons in the secret were Robert Blakely, his butler, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and Dr. Sheridan. As Robert was a most accurate transcriber, the copies were always delivered by him to the doctor, in order to their being corrected and fitted for the press ; by whom they were conveyed to the printer in such a way as to prevent the possibility of discovery. It happened that Blakely, the very evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued, offering a reward of three hundred pounds for discovering

[4] See Swift's Character of Lord Carteret, in Drapier's Lett. iv. p. 87, ed. Nichols.

the author of the Drapier's fourth letter, had staid out later than usual, without his master's leave. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour, and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition, when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abused him outrageously, bade him strip off his livery, and quit his house that moment: "What, you villain," said he, "is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." Mrs. Johnson, who was at the deanery, and greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan to come and try to make up matters. Upon his arrival, he found Robert walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears. Enquiring into the cause of this, he was told that his master had just discharged him. The doctor bade him be of good cheer, for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and that he should be still continued in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied Robert; "to be sure, I should be very sorry to lose so good a master; but what grieves me to the soul is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever." When this was told to the dean, struck with the generosity of such a sentiment, in one of his low sphere, he immediately pardoned him, and restored him to his favour, he also took the first opportunity of rewarding him for his fidelity. The place of Verger to the cathedral becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him, and asked him if he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery, to which the other replying in the affirmative, he desired him

to strip off his livery and put on those clothes. The poor fellow begged to know what crime he had committed, that he should be discharged.[5] "Well, do as I ordered you," said Swift. When he returned in his new dress, the dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had bestowed on him as a reward of his faithful services. Robert, however, continued to officiate, at his own request, in his old situation, without receiving any wages.

Another anecdote, connected with the subject of the Drapier's Letters, I will give from Dr. Sheridan's Life, as briefly as I can. The day after the proclamation there was a levee at the castle; the Lord Lieutenant was going the round of the circle when Swift entered, and pushing his way through the crowd, in great indignation, and with the voice of a Stentor, cried out, "So, my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what

[5] A curious Certificate to a Discarded Servant is to be found among the Dean's Letters, vol. xix. p. 222. The man had refused to present the petition of an old woman who was waiting at the door. Swift dismissed him. The man having no discharge was compelled to go to sea; where having served five years, he returned to the dean, confessed his fault, and solicited a discharge to enable him to get another place. The dean gave him the following, and Pope took him into his service:—"Whereas the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him."

this devoted[6] nation is to hope for from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." For some time a silence ensued, for the whole assembly was struck mute with wonder, when Lord Carteret,[7] who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, replied in a line of Virgil:

> Res duræ, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri.

Every one was struck with the beauty of the quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour; some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's answer.

Leaving Swift now in the height of his popularity, we must go back to relate some circumstances of a less favourable character, that had a great influence on his private life, and which have unfortunately, continued to throw a cloud over his

[6] When Swift speaks of the oppression of Ireland, or the claims of the Irish to the privileges of British subjects, it is plain, as Scott observes, that the *native Irish* had no place in his thoughts; nor, however oppressed or miserable their condition, were *they* considered by any party at that period, as worthy the rights of Britons. This was owing to the conduct of K. William, during whose administration the native or "mere Irish" as they were contemptuously entitled, were treated much like a subdued people. See Swift's Letter to Lord Peterborough, April 28, 1726. vol. xvii. p. 35.

[7] As Lord Carteret's residence in Ireland as Viceroy was a series of cabals against the authority of the Prime Minister, he failed not, as well from his love of literature as from his hatred to Walpole, to attach himself as much as possible, to the distinguished author of the Drapier Letters. By the interest which Swift soon gained with the Lord Lieutenant, he was enabled to recommend several friends whose High Church or Tory principles had hitherto obstructed their preferment. The task of forwarding the

fame. It will be recollected, that Miss Esther Johnson continued to reside near Swift, in Ireland; that she formed part of his daily society at the deanery; that there seemed the most unreserved communication between them, though guarded by a strict propriety of conduct. Swift never saw her, but in the company of Mrs. Dingley, or of some third person; yet Stella, while she submitted to this singular arrangement, was not satisfied with it; nor can it be wondered at, that she expected to be united in a closer tie than that of a mere friend, and that she languished under the extraordinary procrastination of her hopes.

During his residence in England, Swift lived among the higher circles of society, and was admired for the brilliancy of his wit, the extent of his knowledge, and the richness and variety of his conversational talents. He was admitted into the company of some of the most distinguished ladies of the time; Lady Betty Germaine, Mrs. Barton, the Countess of Winchelsea, the Duchess

views of Delany, in particular, led to several of Swift's liveliest poetical effusions; while on the other hand, he was equally active in galling by his satire, Smedley and other Whig beaux esprits who, during their amphibious administration, sought the favour of a literary Lord Lieutenant by literary offerings and poetical adulation.---*Scott*. See Swift's Poems, ed. Scott, vol. xiv. p. 403. Lord Carteret's disposition to form a party in Ireland, independent of that of Walpole, led him to favour the Tories, and rendered him accessible to the various solicitations which Swift made in behalf of persons holding such principles. This conduct appeared rather suspicious to the leaders of the Whig interest, in ridicule of whose fears and jealousies Swift wrote his ironical apology to Lord Carteret, defending him against the charge of favouring the Tories. See Scott's ed. vol. vii. 283. xvi. p. 467. "Lord Carteret," says Scott, "as Lord Lieutenant, retained only the nominal authority; the real power being vested in the hands of Boulter, the Primate of Ireland."

of Ormond, and Lady Masham, ranked him among their friends. Among the families in London where he was most intimate, was that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh,[8] a widow lady of fortune and respectability, who had two sons and two daughters; the eldest was Esther, better known by the poetical appellation of Vanessa; of her personal charms we are left in some uncertainty; Lord Orrery says she was not handsome, but she was lively and graceful, and fond of books. Swift eagerly offered to direct her in her choice of studies; this led to still further familiarity with the family, and the acquaintance with the fascinating Esther, at length gave pain and uneasiness to Stella. Swift was fully conscious of the dangerous ground on which he stood; for in his Journal to Stella, Miss Vanhomrigh is only casually mentioned twice, at the time that he was in habits of the most frequent communication with her. In the meanwhile, in the bosom of his fascinating pupil, esteem and gratitude ripened into love; she was unacquainted with the peculiar situation in which Swift stood as related to another, and she was ignorant of the claims, perhaps even of the name of Stella. In a manner suitable to the warmth and openness of her temper, she avowed to Swift the state of her affections. "We cannot doubt (says Scott) that he actually felt the shame, disappointment, guilt, and surprise," expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not the courage to take the open

[8] See account of Miss Vanhomrigh's father and family in Deane Swift's Essay, p. 257. Her mother was Heiress of Mr. Stone, the Commissioner. Swift's lodgings in Bury Street were within five doors of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Lord Orrery's account of Vanessa is not very favourable. He says she was happy in being thought Swift's *concubine*, &c. See p. 107 of his Essay.

and manly course of acknowledging his engagements with Stella, or *other impediments* which prevented him from accepting the hand and fortune of her rival. Perhaps he was conscious that such an explanation had been too long delayed to be now stated, without affording grounds for the heavy charge of having flattered Miss Vanhomrigh into hopes which, from the nature of his own situation, could not be gratified. This remorseful consciousness too he might feel, when looking back on his conduct; though, until then, he had blindly consulted his own gratification in seeking the pleasure of Vanessa's society, without being aware of the difficulties in which they were both becoming gradually entangled. Without making, therefore, this painful but just confession, he answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion at first, in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration, but to the very close of her life, persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion than this cold proffer was calculated to afford. It is difficult to ascertain when this eclaircissement took place, but it seems to have preceded Swift's departure for Ireland to take possession of his Deanery, though it must certainly have been made after obtaining that preferment.

The effect of Swift's increasing intimacy with Vanessa may be plainly traced in the altered language of the Journal.[9] It becomes colder and more indifferent, speaks less of the happiness of

[9] This *fatal* correspondence between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh has been given entire for the first time in Scott's

a life devoted to Stella, and exhibits all the marks of a declining affection. The fears of love are soon excited, and it is difficult to escape its penetration. Stella soon was aware that there was a rival in his affections, and rumours brought to Ireland increased her alarm. Her letters are not preserved, but it appears from the Journal that they intimated displeasure and jealousy, which Swift endeavours to appease. There are two passages, as Scott observes, worthy of notice,[1] as illustrative of the situation of the parties, and of Swift's intentions. The first occurs when he obtains the deanery of St. Patrick's, "If it be worth £400. per year," he says, "the overplus shall be divided—besides usual"—an imperfect phrase, which, however, implies, that his relation to Stella was to continue on its former footing, and that she was only to share the advantage of his pro-

edition, vol. xix. p. 317—382, from a transcript by the Rev. Mr. Berwick. The editor does not know where the *original* copy, that belonged to Judge Marshall, one of the executors, is to be found: but there is no doubt of their authenticity. They answer the description given of them by Delany, on the authority of Bishop Berkeley — that Swift's consisted chiefly of gallantry, excuses, apologies; while Miss Vanhomrigh's expressed the most deep and violent passion; but without the least hint of a *criminal intercourse* between them, which could scarcely have been avoided in a long correspondence, had there been any foundation for it. It commenced in the autumn, 1712, when Swift was at Windsor drawing together materials for the History of the Peace of Utrecht. About the same time we find him apologizing to Stella for the slackness of his correspondence. Vol. iii. p. 47. The first time that Swift was in company with Miss Vanhomrigh he offended her so much by some observations, *that she struck him.* A gentleman who was present asked him what he thought of Miss V——. "There is nothing ugly about her but her name," was the answer; v. Swiftiana, v. i. 15.

[1] See vol. iii. p. 158, Scott's ed.

motion by an increase of her separate income. This hint was probably designed to bar any expectations of a proposal of marriage. Another ominous sentence in the Journal is in the following intimation: "His (Mr. Vanhomrigh's) eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it into her own hands."[2] This plan, which she afterwards accomplished, boded no good to the unfortunate Stella.

Upon Swift's return to Ireland, he was placed in a situation of much embarrassment, arising from his thoughtless encouragement of Vanessa's feelings, while Stella possessed an undoubted claim over the affections of his heart.[3] It is difficult to find that peculiar word of censure which should apply with exactness to Swift's conduct in this unfortunate affair, because he acted on principles so extremely different from those which govern the generality of mankind. In ordinary cases his conduct would be deemed dishonourable in disappointing the just expectations, and sporting with the feelings of two amiable and virtuous women. But Swift, as he never designed marriage himself, certainly never gave, except by what they might infer from attention of behaviour, and perhaps tenderness of language, any grounds upon which their reasonable hopes could be founded. *They* appear to have erred, in not

[2] Vol. ii. p. 331, ed. Scott.

[3] As both these ladies have been praised for their accomplishments, I shall point out to the Reader, that a Poem by Stella may be read (On Jealousy) at p. 240 of Scott's Life, and an Ode to Spring, by Vanessa, at p. 247. Mr. Deane Swift has given Stella's Verses to Swift on his Birthday, 1721. v. Essay, p. 81. She was entirely ignorant of music, v. p. 80.

having more accurately understood his character, and his designs; while *he* was far more decidedly wrong in endeavouring to divert the warm and natural passions of the female heart, into the cold and selfish channels in which his own reposed; *his* object was to gain them as friends; *theirs* was to possess him as a lover and a husband. That Swift was greatly to blame, no doubt can be entertained, and the errors of his conduct in this affair brought on a great part of the future misery of his life. Of all *criminal* intentions he was, in this instance, as in the whole conduct of his life, totally guiltless; but he knew that he passed beyond the bounds of honourable and upright conduct; he allowed the new fascinations of Miss Vanhomrigh's society to eclipse the familiar power of pleasing which Stella had long possessed; and when he all but suppressed the name of Vanessa, while he poured out on all other subjects the most unreserved communication in his Journal to Stella, he at once stamps the seal on the unfaithfulness and duplicity of his own conduct.

On her mother's death, Vanessa and her sister, who were left joint executrixes, retired to Ireland to look after the property which their father had left them near Celbridge. Their arrival in Dublin excited the jealousy of Stella, and the apprehensions of Swift; an intimacy like theirs which had passed over without harm in England, might now have injured the reputation of both. The Dean expostulated in vain with her on her imprudence, and she in return accused him of cruelty and neglect. Her letters of love and of complaint are full of the warmest sentiments and the most enamoured language. Swift saw the gulf he had so insensibly and incautiously been approaching; yet it was too late to retreat; all that was left

was to temporize, and trust to time and chance to remedy or alleviate the perils which were beyond the power of prudence to avert.

The correspondence, now for the first time given entire, will afford a satisfactory elucidation of the subject. It commences on the part of Swift in a vain of light jocular pleasantry. Vanessa writes at once from the heart. Swift parries this for some time in his odd bantering vein; till, as Vanessa's impatience increases, he subsides into a guarded, half-apologizing, half-upbraiding strain, evidently intended to prevent any warmer expostulations, and to stop any nearer approach. When *the* letter at length came, containing the most innocent, but the most passionate avowal of love, and opening the recesses of her ingenuous, affectionate, and devoted heart; then the long fabricated artifices of Swift were baffled, his plan of *retaining* her love without *returning* it, was at once defeated; he could no longer plead his ignorance of her feelings; and the remainder of *his* correspondence consists of paltry excuses, cruel evasions, and palliating falsehoods. The situation into which his selfishness had brought him, must have been one of agony and remorse; and his poor Vanessa sank into her early grave, the broken hearted victim of an attachment most singularly unfortunate.[1]

In the mean while the health of his early and constant friend, his affectionate Stella, was rapidly declining, jealousy neither unreasonable nor dishonourable was secretly preying upon her. She had sacrificed for Swift all but her virtue and her honour,—her youth had faded away amidst hopes

[1] "The innocent and accomplished woman, of whom we have no hesitation in pronouncing him the *murderer*."—*Edin. Rev.* No. liii. p. 42.

and wishes that were unfulfilled; and she had the misfortune to be conscious that even her reputation was clouded, while her conduct was irreproachable.[4] Swift felt deeply and bitterly the melancholy and fatal results of his capricious and inconsiderate conduct. He employed the Bishop of Clogher, his tutor and early friend, to enquire the cause of Stella's melancholy; and he received the very answer which he could have anticipated. "Her sensibility to his late indifference and to the discredit which her character had sustained from the dubious and mysterious connection between them." To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony. One, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune—the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence he proposed, he had not yet achieved, and on the other hand he was past that time of life after which he had determined never to marry. It may be observed, that Swift undoubtedly had a right to lay down these or any other rules for the regulation of his own conduct, and the supposed safeguard of his happiness; but these very rules obliged him to act with great circumspection and caution in his intercourse with females; and not to keep his maxims of prudence in reserve while he was engaging the affections of the artless and the inexperienced by a tenderness

[4] Mr. Deane Swift says, that Stella was not visited by so great a number of families of the first rank, as if she had been Swift's wife. *She visited none of her own sex.* V. Essay, p. 92.

and gallantry that were the forerunners, according to their ideas, of more intimate and lasting connections. Swift, however, made one concession, the least that could be granted, and of itself an imperfect remedy of the evils that he had caused.

To these terms, so inferior to what she had a right to expect, Stella subscribed; yet something was gained by the unwilling and almost degrading concession; her former intimacy with Swift, though free from guilt, was, in the opinion of society, improper and unusual; on this point her conscience was now at rest; and she had also disarmed the superior attractions of her rival of their fatal power. She was married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.

Immediately after the ceremony, Swift's state of mind was very unhappy. Delany[5] says that about the time this union took place, he observed Swift to be exceeding gloomy and agitated, so much so that he went to Archbishop[6] King to mention his apprehensions; on entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He

[5] For the authorities in favour of this marriage having taken place, see Berkeley's Literary Reliques, p. 36, &c.; against it, see History of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's, Dublin, by W. Monck Mason, Esq. Dr. Lyon was the only friend of Swift's who doubted the fact of the marriage. Scott leaves it to the reader, to judge of the force of the argument on either side, on an event which, take it either way, is enveloped in mystery and obscurity.

[6] See Swift's Char. of Abp. King, in a Letter concerning the Sacramental Test, vol. iv. p. 422. ed. Nichols. Swift, as Scott observes, preserved a sort of dubious friendship with the Archbishop, the nature of which is best illustrated by reference to the correspondence between them, and the corresponding passages in the Journal to Stella. They re-

found the Archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, "You have just met the most unhappy man upon earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Delany's[7] inference from these words, was, that Swift, after his union, had discovered too near a consanguinity between Stella and himself, to admit of their being united in matrimony; and that in fact, both of them were the illegitimate children of Sir W. Temple. This, however, seems to me to be a[8] most gratuitous assumption, resting on no reasonable grounds whatever.

Swift's intercourse with Stella and Mrs. Dingley continued to be as guarded and cautious as before. To Stella it brought the same inconveniences; her acquaintance with ladies[9] was formal and

spected each other's talents and character, but were embroiled in perpetual quarrels on points of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Dr. King, however, rose high in Swift's estimation, by his opposition to Wood's Coinage. See Swift's excellent New Song, on His Grace our good Lord Archbishop, vol. xii. p. 493, and Arguments against the Power of the Bishops, p. 282, ed. Nichols.

[7] The Rev. Patrick Delany, an excellent and learned divine, had been patronized by Sir Constantine Phipps, who was Chancellor of Ireland under Harley's administration. Being discountenanced by the Whig ministry, he was recommended to Swift, as much by similarity of situation as by learning, wit, and social talents. He was tutor in Trinity College, Dublin.

[8] Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 till his birth, in 1667, and Sir W. Temple was ambassador in Holland, from April 1666 to January 1668; and there is every reason to believe that Temple never saw Stella, till she was 2 or 3 years old. As for the story of Swift's having had a son by Mrs. Johnson, it is too groundless to require any attention. See Scott's Note to the Life, p. 244.

[9] Yet in his prayer used by the Dean for Mrs. Johnson in her last illness, written Octob. 17, 1727, we meet with this passage: "Give her grace to continue sincerely thank-

ceremonious, and her only intimacies were the male persons of Swift's acquaintance; a lady now alive, who was the friend of Mrs. Delany, says, "that Stella went with Mrs. Dingley to Dr. Delany's Villa on Wednesdays, where his men companions dined, before he was married to my friend. She (Mrs. Delany) once saw her by accident, and was struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes.[1] She was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and her hair as black as a raven."

After his marriage Swift seems to have redoubled his anxiety to moderate the passion of Vanessa, and even to direct it into another channel. He introduced to her Dean Winter, as a candidate for her hand, but she rejected the proposal in peremptory terms. She was also addressed, equally without success, by Dr. Price, afterwards Archbishop of Cashell. At length, in the year 1717, she retired from Dublin to her property

ful to Thee, for the many favours Thou hast bestowed upon her, the ability and inclination and practice to do good, and those virtues which have procured the esteem and love of her friends, and a most *unspotted name in the world.*" See ed. Nich. vol. x. p. 102. In his character of Mrs. Johnson, written by Swift immediately after her death, he touches on the circumstance mentioned in the text, and he says, that she preferred the society of men; and they were almost entirely clergymen who visited at her house.

[1] The only portrait of Stella known to exist, is in possession of the Rev. Mr. Berwick. Dr. Tuke, of St. Stephens Green, has a lock of her hair, on the envelope of which is written in Swift's hand, "Only a Woman's Hair." Sir W. Scott adds, it appears to me, most truly---If Stella was dead, as is most probable, when Swift laid apart this memorial, the motto is an additional instance of his striving to veil the most bitter feelings under the guise of cynical indifference.

near Celbridge, to nurse her hapless passion in seclusion from the world. Swift, with great anxiety and tenderness of expression, endeavoured to warn her against a plan so little likely to be successful, and exhorted her to seek general society, to divert her mind in every way she could, and even to leave Ireland for other scenes. Until the year 1720, he never visited her at Celbridge; but in that year, and down to the time of her death, he went repeatedly there to see her. A correspondent of Sir W. Scott's has given some minute particulars attending Vanessa's habits of life, and Swift's visits. "Marley Abbey (he says) near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of 90 by his own account) shewed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *em bon point*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention, and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted

with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower; three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit with books and writing materials on the table before them.

Vanessa, besides indulging her melancholy and hopeless passion, had another sorrow in her solitude, that of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. Her affections seemed now concentrated with double energy in her love; while Swift, with his usual circumspection, became more reserved than he had been in his visits; at length Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated by a long endurance of ill-requited love, was determined to discover its causes, and either to remove or realize the suspicions she had formed. Her thoughts naturally turned to the intimacy between Swift and Mrs. Johnson; in a letter written in 1713, she says, "If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except* 'tis what is inconsistent with mine." She accordingly ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson, requesting to know the nature of her connection with the Dean. Stella informed her, in her reply, of the marriage; and, full of resentment against Swift, for having given to another female the right to

put a question which seemed to involve a claim as strong as her own, she retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Swift, in a paroxysm of fury, rode to Marley Abbey; his countenance, as he entered the room, struck Vanessa with terror. He flung a letter on the table, and instantly mounting his horse, returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella; this was the death blow to her hopes and to her life; she languished only a few weeks, when she sank under the stern and selfish cruelty of a man on whom she had vainly lavished all the innocent and all the warmest affections of her life; and who suffered her to pine away in hopeless affliction, because he dared not avow to her the duplicity of his conduct, and his incapability of accepting the heart she offered.[2] She died in the 37th year of her age, and revoked a will made in favour of Swift, settling her fortune upon Mr. Marshall, (afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas,) and Dr. Berkeley, the Bishop of Cloyne.

The correspondence between Swift and this unfortunate lady has been, for the first time, published in the edition by Scott, from the originals in the possession of Mr. Berwick.[3] The sum

[2] In a letter, dated July 5, 1721, Swift says to Vanessa, "Rest assured that *no person upon earth has ever been loved, honoured, esteemed, adored, by your friend, but you.*" This is a damning passage, and conclusive of Swift's heartless and treacherous conduct. It appears to me, that Dr. Johnson has treated this part of Swift's conduct with an indulgence and indifference that cannot be approved. The able author of an article in the Edinburgh Review (No. liii.), thinks that Scott, in his biography, has been far too favourable to the personal character of Swift: if so, he himself has provided the antidote.

[3] Bishop Berkeley, it is said, destroyed the original MSS.

of the evidence (says the biographer) which they afford, seem to amount to this—that while residing in England for years, and at a distance from Stella, Swift incautiously engaged in a correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh, which probably, at first, meant little more than mere gallantry, since the mother, brother, and sister seemed all to have been confidants of their intimacy. After his going to Ireland his letters assume a graver cast, and consist rather of advice, caution, and rebuke, than expressions of tenderness. Yet neither his own heart, nor the nature of Vanessa's violent attachment permit him to suppress strong, though occasional and rare indications of the high regard in which he held her, although honour, friendship, and esteem had united his fate with that of another. It would, perhaps, have been better had their amours never have been public; as that has, however, happened, it is the biographer's duty to throw such light upon them as Mr. Berwick's friendship has enabled him to do, in order that Swift's conduct, weak and blamable as it must be held in this instance, may at least not suffer hereafter from being seen under false or imperfect lights." Upon the death of Miss Vanhomrigh,[4] Swift retreated to the south of Ireland, where he remained for two months in utter soli-

of the correspondence between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh, but a full copy remained. Whether Vanessa desired him to publish it or not, cannot now be ascertained. Her will does not mention it, but the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa was given to the world soon after her death. She was very angry with Swift on account of some lines in this poem, 'Nor shall the *conscious Muse* unfold,' &c. v. D. Swift's Essay, p. 252. The *whole* of the correspondence is not in Mr. Berwick's MS. and probably does not exist.

[4] A third female, called 'Sacharissa,' became enamoured of the Dean, her 'Distracted Scroll,' may be read in Scott's

tude, a prey, no doubt, to the most self-accusing remorse. On his return to Dublin, he received the forgiveness of Stella, and thus this unfortunate portion of his history is closed.

When Wood's patent[5] was withdrawn, Swift returned to Finlen, a house of Dr. Sheridan's, where he passed some months in finishing and preparing Gulliver's Travels for the press. Early in 1726, he set out for England, after an absence from that country of nearly twelve years; and was welcomed with all demonstrations of joy by his old friends. He also met with a favourable reception at Leicester House.[6] The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, hearing of his arrival, sent to desire to see him. Of this he gives the following account in his letter to Lady B. Germaine, 1732. "It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England after the queen's death. Her present[7] majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times

Life, p. 259. To *me* this is all astonishing, who never experienced the slightest voluntary offering of any female affection, and whose timid advances have generally been received with coldness, and dismissed with indifference.

[5] "I never (said the Dean in a jocular conversation) preached but twice in my life, and then they were not sermons, but pamphlets. Being asked on what subject, he replied,---"They were against Wood's half-pence."---Pilkington, i. p. 56.

[6] See Swift's Character of Sheridan in Scott's ed. vol. ix. p. 310. written after their unfortunate quarrel, and the History of the Second Solomon, 1729, p. 314.

[7] Swift's acquaintance with Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, commenced in April, 1726, as appears by a letter of Arbuthnot's, vol. xvii. p. 31. when he says,---"Her Royal Highness begs the honour of a visit from you on Thursday night, at seven o'clock!" Her majesty dropped this acquaintance upon her accession to the throne, and her reconcilement with Sir Robert Walpole.

to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons, not hard to guess; and among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously." During Swift's stay in England his time was passed between Twickenham and Dawly, with his friends Pope or Bolingbroke. Pope then published his volume of Miscellanies, consisting of some of his own works and Arbuthnot's, but principally of Swift's. The sale was very large, and Pope received the entire profits, which amounted to a hundred and fifty pounds. During these transactions he received a very melancholy account from Ireland of the state of Mrs. Johnson's health; his old complaints of giddiness and deafness increased upon him, and he stole away from a society which he could no longer delight or enjoy, and retreated into private lodgings. When sufficiently recovered, he retired to Ireland, and had the delight of finding the health of Mrs. Johnson much improved. During his visit to London, Swift met with a favourable reception not only at Leicester House, but at St. James's. He dined with Sir R. Walpole at Chelsea;[8] and afterwards, through Lord Peterborough's intervention, had an interview with that minister, in

[8] In this interview Swift endeavoured to remove the prejudice existing against Gay, but failed, and Walpole thought fit to say, that---" Swift had dined with him, and been making apologies for himself." If (as Scott justly observes) the Dean had been solicitous of *personal* aggrandisement, it might have easily been obtained; but the minister did not choose to gain his adherence by sacrificing the system which had guided England in her conduct towards Ireland, and the patriot was not to be won at a cheaper rate than the emancipation of his country.

which the grievances of Ireland formed the subject of the Dean's complaint.[9] The enemies and calumniators of Swift propagated a story that he had offered his pen to Walpole, upon the promise of preferment in England; but Swift has destroyed all the credit which the falsehood might have had, by giving to Lord Peterborough a faithful account of the conversation.

Swift set out for Ireland in August,[1] and in the November following Gulliver's Travels made their public appearance, after having been privately seen and admired by Swift's friends in England.

The plan of this entertaining and delightful satire varies, as Scott observes, in its different parts. The voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England.[2] Walpole is

[9] Lord Chesterfield gave the following account,(Sheridan's Life, p. 248.) Swift made an offer of his pen to Sir R. Walpole; the terms, that he was to get a preferment in England equal to that in Ireland, and that Sir Robert rejected the offer, which Lord Chesterfield said he would not have done had he been in Sir Robert's place. "The whole of this transaction," says Dr. Clarke, who communicated it, "seems very improbable, particularly when he added, that the person who introduced him was the *famous Chartres.*"

[1] About the time when Swift left England, viz. in August, Motte, the bookseller, received the MS. of Gulliver's Travels, dropped, he said, at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach. Charles Ford rendered this piece of secret service to the Dean. The project of the "Life and Adventures of Scriblerus" was (says Warburton) a very noble one. It was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the History of the Life and Writings of Scriblerus. The issue of which was only some detached parts and fragments, such as the Memoirs of Scriblerus; the *Travels of Gulliver*; the Treatise of the Profound; the Literal Criticisms of Virgil, &c.

[2] Sheridan thought, in his Life of Swift, that Gay and

plainly intimated under the character of Mr. Premier *Flimnap;* the factions of high and low heels express the Tories and the Whigs; the small Indians and big Indians the religious divisions of Papist and Protestant; and when the heir apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the Prince of Wales, who at that time divided his favour between the two leading political parties of England, laughed heartily at the comparison. The scandal which Gulliver gave to the Empress by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the Royal Palace,[3] seems to inti-

Pope were really under some doubt concerning the author of these Travels; but Gay's ignorance, in his letter 17th November, 1726, was entirely affected. Lord Bolingbroke addressed a letter to Swift, Pope, and Gay, then together. From Lord Bolingbroke to the *Three Yahoos* of Twickenham, Jonathan, Alexander, John; besides, as Gulliver's Travels formed one part of the general design of Martinus Scriblerus, it is not probable that it should have been published without the knowledge and approbation of the other contributors to the work. See also a letter from Arbuthnot, November 8, 1726,---"Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age can write such a merry work." It is a circumstance, as Scott observes, too odd to be credited, that there should have been a *real* Lemuel Gulliver, who had the reputation of being a *liar;* but this was the case, as appears from Swift to Pope, May 10, 1728. "I remember Mr. Fortesqueu sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, &c. Vide Swiftiana, vol. i. p. 190. A passage in one of Miss Vanhomrigh's Letters shows that *she* also had read the MS. of Gulliver's Travels, which were not published till 1746, about four years after her death. I apprehended nothing less than being carried up to the top of the house, and served as a friend of yours was," &c.

[3] The allusion to this in Mary Gulliver's Epistle is very clever and amusing.

"But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,

mate the author's own disgrace with Queen Ann, founded on the indecorum of the Tale of a Tub, which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the cause of the high church was forgotten.

In the voyage to Brobdingnag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events or statesmen of the time. It seems intended to show in the most forcible manner the vanity of our desires and the insignificance of our pursuits, by exhibiting the opinions formed of them by beings of superior power and more philosophical thought, and more cool and less passionate temperaments. Some passages are supposed to be an intended affront on the [4] maids of honour, for whom Swift entertained no predilection; and there is one which those interesting ladies never could have forgiven.

The Voyage to Laputa was disliked by Arbuthnot, who probably considered it to be a satire on the Royal Society; many of the allusions also are said to be levelled at the singularities of Sir Isaac Newton; but the main attack of the fable is certainly directed against the false and chimerical

Full in my view how all my husband came;
And what extinguish'd theirs, increased my flame."

Swift revised, at a late period of his life, Gulliver's Travels, and made some bitter additions wherever the Law and its professors were mentioned. Had he lived to the present day, I should have been happy, from my experience, to have assisted him with a few additional touches.

[4] "I well remember," says Delany, "his making strange reports of the phraseologies of persons about the court, and particularly the maids of honour, at the time of that visit." The letters, Scott observes, of the beautiful and lively Miss Bellenden, lately published in the Suffolk Papers, certainly vindicate the Dean's censure.

pretenders to science, and the professors of natural and mathematical magic.[5] In the department of the political projectors, some glances of his Tory feelings appear; and in the melancholy account of the Struldbrugs, we are reminded of the author's indifference to life, and the melancholy state to which his own was prolonged.

The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is the one that has been received with the least approbation of the public, and, perhaps, exhibits the smallest talent and judgment in the author. Of all the creations of his fancy it is the most improbable;[6] and it is filled with such a fierce indignation against the frailties and vices to which our nature is so prone; it betrays such a bitter misanthropy; it indulges in such a fiendish mockery of the degraded species, and holds up

[5] See the observations in Scott's Life, p. 333-5. The objection, it strikes me, to the Voyage to Laputa is, that the philosophers and projectors are not ingenious visionaries, but absolutely madmen; at least, their projects have passed beyond what is wild and theoretical, into downright absurdity and folly. I think, also, that the inhabitants of Brobdingnag are represented as *too gigantic;* inasmuch as the utmost stretch of our imagination cannot expand to the enormous proportions demanded by the fable: giants of *moderate size* would have answered the purpose better. They also are not devoid of some of the very vices and follies, which they appear to detest and denounce among the countrymen of Gulliver.

[6] See Delany's Remarks, p. 338. I must observe too that Gulliver's making no favourable impression in so long a time, and from conduct so reasonable and blameless, on the Houyhnhnms; and their persisting to class him with the Yahoos; while his behaviour is as rational, and his abilities equal to their own, seems to be a defect in the plan of the story.—There is one gross mistake in Natural History in this voyage, viz., that all animals reject the use of salt but man; whereas many of the herbivorous animals are more fond of it than man himself.

such hideous representations of the loathsome depravity of our sins, while it renders its satire more effective by drawing through it the richest vein of ridicule and the most pointed wit; that persons of delicate and refined taste have been hurt by its grossness, and those of more severe and religious feelings have marked it with that moral disapprobation, which rejects a work so wide in its temper and feeling from the spirit of Christianity. It must certainly be allowed, that the picture, in all its nauseating details and its frightful impurities, is overcharged; that the colours are not sufficiently subdued; and that the representation of beings so thoroughly brutalized and degraded, by exciting disgust and horror, destroys the effect which it was intended to produce. "Where is the sense of a general satire," says Warburton, "if the whole species be degenerated; and where is the justice of it, if it be not." Voltaire, who was in England at the time when Gulliver's Travels appeared, spread their fame among his correspondents in France, and the Abbé Desfontaines undertook a translation, which succeeded extremely with the French public. His continuation, called "Le Nouveau Gulliver," I have never met with; but another, published as the *third* volume of the Travels in 1727, was stolen from a French work called "L'Histoire des Sévérambes," and which has been ascribed to Monsieur Alletz[7] and others; it is a production far

[7] Morhoff, dans son Polyhistor. dit que J. S. Vossius est l'auteur de l'Histoire des Sévérambes. Il se trompe. C'est un certain *Delon* ministre. Recueil de Littérature, 1730, p. 43. Mr. D'Israeli seems not aware, or not of opinion, that *Bayle* wrote the History of the Severambians, a sort of republican novel which *Mandeville* translated into English, and which surpasses the Sethos of Terasson, or

inferior to Swift's in wit and invention; but being suppressed in France and other Catholic countries, and consequently of rare occurrence, it offered facilities for the plagiarism of the English author. Arbuthnot also wrote two pamphlets on the subject; and some verses in the Miscellany, written in a very pleasing vein of humour, were published by Pope.

As Mrs. Johnson's health apparently was restored, Swift found nothing to detain him in Ireland, and set out for London early in March. He was in high favour in Leicester House, but not on terms with Walpole. He had formed a plan of passing a few months in France, for the benefit of his health, but the news of the king's death made him postpone it. It was expected that a change of measures would immediately take place, and that the most flattering prospects might open to the Dean.[8] Mr. Howard and Lord Bolingbroke strongly urged him to remain on the spot during a season so important to his interests: but a return of his old complaint and the news of Mrs. Johnson's relapse, obliged him to set out for Ireland. On his arrival he found his long beloved friend in the last stage of decay, without the least

the Gaudentio di Lucca of *Peirington*. Vide Month. Rev. July 1823, p. 254. See Southey's Colloquies, i. p. 320. "There is a want of moral and religious feeling in the book (the History of the Severites or Severambis), but it is no ordinary work. I know not who was the author." First Part, 1675, revised, 1679, enlarged 1702. "That agreeable romance called the History of the Severambians." Vide Hume's Essays, ii. p. 248. That Swift was much indebted to Rabelais, in his Gulliver's Travels, no doubt can be entertained: a copy of the French Lucian, as he has been called, with Swift's MS. Notes, was sold at the sale of his books in 1745.

[8] See vol. xviii. p. 67, ed. Scott, and vol. xix. p. 291.

hope of recovery. He attended her in this state during four or five months, and in the month of January he was deprived of her who for five and twenty years had been most affectionately attached to him, and whose life indeed had been devoted to his will.[9] Of the dying scene two different stories have been told; but both of them painful; and one, that which comes from the authority of Sheridan, we must hope, for the sake of humanity, not to be founded upon truth. Lord Orrery says, that Swift never mentioned her without a sigh. To alleviate his affliction, he turned his mind again to public affairs; in a variety of publications relating to Ireland, he laid open the causes

[9] See Swift's state of Mind, as displayed in his letters to Dr. Sheridan, July 27, 1726, and September 2, 1727. "I look upon this (her expected death) as the greatest event that can ever happen to me, but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature towards another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her, I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this; the very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body." Swift, after Mrs. Johnson's death, renounced his public dinners, and lived in a more retired manner. See D. Swift's Essay, p. 181. Swift, after Stella's death, allowed an annuity of £52. to Mrs. Dingley, but pretended that the money was the interest of what she had in the funds, and that he acted as her agent. She died before Swift, in July, 1743. Mrs. Whiteway, a first cousin of the Dean's, used to come three days in each week to read and chat with Swift, after Stella's death, being the principal female that frequented his table for many years. Of Mrs. Dingley, Swift says in a letter to Mr. Temple, "If I live any time I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world, for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known."

of her distress and poverty; and pointed out the means by which they might be alleviated: and he also directed his attention to some of the best planned charities that were ever supported from a private purse. He gave very largely in proportion to his fortune. After his settlement at the Deanery, and when he was out of debt, he divided his income into three parts, one he appropriated to his own support and his domestic expenses.[1] The second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation after his death; and the third he disposed of in charities to the poor and the distressed. He lent to poor industrious tradesmen, small sums of five and ten pounds, to be repaid with interest weekly; and he always demanded good security for the repayment. Sheridan says, that he has been well assured, that many families in Dublin, now living in great credit, owed the foundation of their fortunes to the sums first borrowed from this source. His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great, that he was consulted by several corporations in matters of trade; and he was not seldom chosen umpire in their decisions: By his integrity, his patriotism, by the superiority of his talents, and his endeavours to serve the public, he obtained a remarkable ascendency over the people of Ireland; and he was known over the whole kingdom as *The Dean*. In a letter which Lord Carteret wrote to him in 1732, who was the chief

[1] The Dean used to give much money to poor people whom he met in his walks. Some of them he named, partly for distinction, partly for humour, Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pullagowna, Friterilla, Flora, Stumphanthea, &c. In one of his letters, he says, Cancerina is dead, and I let her go to the grave without a coffin, &c.

governor of Ireland, he says, "I know by experience how much the city of Dublin thinks itself under your protection; and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's,"[2]—and in the postscript to another of March, 24, 1736, he says, "When people asked me how I governed Ireland, I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift."

Swift had now relinquished all expectations of further preferment. Walpole[3] was exasperated against him, on account of some severe poems which he had written; and some forged letters[4] in favour of Mr. Barber, bearing the Dean's signature, had excited the displeasure of the queen.

About the year 1736,[5] his memory was greatly impaired, and the general powers of the intellect

[2] An Epistle to a Lady, and a Rapsody on Poetry.

[3] See a character of Sir R. Walpole, by Swift, in "An Account of the Court and Empire of Japan, ed. Nich. vol. x. p. 271, under the name of Lelop-aw."

[4] See account of these letters in Scott's ed. vol. x. p. 400—402. One of these forgeries has been preserved, see vol. xviii. p. 369, and p. 288, 292, 414. Mr. Croker thinks Mrs. Barber was the forger. Scott, that Pilkington, perhaps, was, and that its design was to break off the intercourse between Swift and the queen: in his Rhapsody on Poetry, the Royal family received his ironical praise *literally*, and thanked him. v. Scott's Life, p. 405.

[5] The Legion Club was written in 1736, but the poem is unfinished; while Swift was engaged in retouching it, one of his fits of giddiness and deafness returned with such violence, that he never recovered from the consequences. After this, he rarely attempted a composition that required a course of thinking, or, perhaps, more than one or two sittings to finish. One of these was the Beasts' Confession. From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline; and his melancholy increased by the strength of his imagination brooding over the unhappy scene of misery which he foresaw was his lot. He was often heard to offer up his prayers to God "to take him away from this evil to

showed marks of decay. Sheridan says, that "the irascible passions which at all times he had found difficult to keep within due bounds, now raged without control, and made him a torment to himself and all about him; an unusually long fit of deafness and giddiness, which lasted almost a year, disqualified him for conversation, and made him lose all relish for society. He could not amuse himself with writing; and a whimsical resolution he had made, of never wearing spectacles, prevented him from reading. Thus, without amusement, without employment, his time passed heavily and gloomily along. The state of his mind is strongly pictured in a letter to Mrs. Whiteway. "I have been (he says) very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few—few and miserable they must be. I am for those few days." He always entertained apprehensions that he should outlive his

come." The prospect of this calamity, which he was daily lamenting, contributed very much, as his passions were violent, to pervert his understanding, to which many other particulars seem also to have concurred. D. S. For many years he used to bid his friends adieu with these melancholy words: "God bless you, I hope we shall never meet again." Upon one occasion, when he and another clergyman had just removed from beneath a large and heavy mirror, the cords which supported it suddenly gave way, and it fell with great violence. The clergyman burst forth into an exclamation of thankfulness for this narrow escape. "Had I been alone," said Swift, "I could have wished I had not removed."

understanding.[6] Dr. Young has recorded an instance of this, where he relates that walking out with Swift and some others about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed Mr. Dean, who had staid behind the rest of the company. He turned back in order to know the occasion of it, and found Swift at some distance, gazing intensely at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted. Upon Young's approach he pointed to it, saying, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die first at the top."

Not long after this time, his understanding failed to such a degree, that it was found necessary to have legal guardians appointed to take care of his present estate.[7] This was followed by a fit of lunacy which continued some months, and then he sank into a state of idiotcy which lasted to his

[6] The later letters of Swift, Dr. Warton observes, are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellects and temper, and strength of mind and body, and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into discontent, into peevishness, into indignity, into torpor, into insanity.

[7] The dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which his physician took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building which he had never seen, and asked for what it was designed; to which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of this; this is worth remarking. My tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets; memory, put down that;" which produced the following Epigram, said to be the last verses he ever wrote:

Behold, a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a Magazine.

See also a very curious exhortation addressed to the subdean and chapter of St. Patrick's, by Swift, in January,

death. He died October 19, 1745. When the death of the dean, so beloved and admired in Ireland as he was, was announced, the citizens of Dublin gathered from all quarters, and forced their way in crowds into the house, to pay the last tribute of grief to their departed benefactor. Nothing but lamentations were heard round all the quarter where he lived; and happy were they who first got into the chamber where he lay, to procure locks of his hair;

> Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
> Unto their issue.

So eager, says Sheridan, were numbers to obtain at any price this precious memorial, that in less than an hour his head was stripped of all its silver ornaments, so that not a hair remained. He was buried in the most private manner, according to the directions of his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and, by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraved the following Latin epitaph, written by himself:—

> Hic depositum est corpus
> Jonathan Swift, S. T. P.
> Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
> Decani
> Ubi sæva indignatio
> Ulterius cor lacerare nequit,
> Abi viator
> Et imitare, si poteris,
> Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
> Obiit anno (1745)
> Mensis (Octobris) die (19)
> Ætatis anno (78).

Swift was in person tall, strong, and well made,

1741. The piece contains some flashes of his peculiar humour, although written in a state tending towards mental imbecility. This curious document was found among the papers of the Rev. T. King, one of the dean's executors.

of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which expressed the boldness and confidence of his mind; he was never known to laugh; and, according to Scott, the description of Cassius, in Shakespeare, might be applied to him.

> ——He reads much;
> He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite thro' the deeds of men.——
> Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
> As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
> That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

His features have been preserved in many busts,[8] prints, and medals. In youth he was reckoned handsome. Pope said that his eyes were as azure as the heavens, and had an unusual expression of acuteness. In old age, his countenance was dignified and expressive. He spoke in public with facility and force; and had he been on the bench of bishops, he would have been of great assistance to the ministry in the House of Lords. "The government of Ireland," says Scott, "dreaded his eloquence as much as his pen." His manners in society were free, lively, and engaging: and even when age and infirmities had impaired his spirits and his temper, his conversation was still valued for the richness of the anecdotes, the acquaintance which it displayed with mankind, the liveliness of his repartees, and

[8] See an account of original portraits of Swift in Swiftiana, vol. ii. p. 208. The bust, in the cathedral of St. Patrick, is esteemed a strong characteristic likeness. There is an excellent portrait of him by Binden at the Deanery House, Dublin. See account of other portraits and busts in Scott's Life, p. 458.

shrewdness and satire of the wit. As his memory failed, he was conscious that his stories were too often repeated. He was fond of puns; and Scott says that the application of the line of Virgil to the lady who threw down a fiddle, is, perhaps, the best that ever was made.[9]

In his personal habits he was scrupulously neat. In his latter days he was an early riser, and fond of exercise; though at one period of his life he was said to lie in bed and think of wit for the day. Of his learning, it must be said that it was not that of a professed scholar.[10] It is difficult exactly to say how far his knowledge of ancient literature extended, but in Greek it undoubtedly did not enable him to do more than read the best authors with tolerable facility; and in Latin it did not enter into the critical niceties of the language. Chaucer's[1] flow of wit, and the charming graces

[9] It must be observed that this pun was not made on the spur of the occasion; but printed by Swift in his Art of Punning; consequently the line read at leisure, suggested the application of the joke; and the chief part of the merit disappears: the same also of "Redeunt Spectacula Mane," on the Lost Spectacles.

[10] Dr. J. Warton pointed out the errors of quantity in Swift's latin verses. His latin prose is far from classical. His letter to Pope on his translation of Homer, does not show any familiar acquaintance with the original: and his letter to Lord Oxford on the improvement of the English language is very superficial. He had no learning to bring to the assistance of his patron and his party in the dispute on Phalaris. His observations on the character of Brutus are very different indeed from the masterly review of the same character in the third volume of Gibbon's Memoirs.

[1] A selection of a great number of epithets, in alphabetical order, with references, and a list of the *oaths* used by different persons in Chaucer's works, were in the possession of the reverend Mr. Ball, a clergyman in Dublin. Vide Swiftiana, vol. i. p. 197.

and frank joyous vein of pleasantry which animate his poems, found a warm admirer in Swift: he was, it is said, fond of the old romances of chivalry; and had read Milton with a scholar's attention. The dramatic writers seem not to have attracted his notice; which we may wonder at, considering the rich stores of pleasantry, and the exhaustless variety of character and manners, he would have discovered in these works: his library did not contain a copy of Shakespeare; and the works of Wycherly and Rowe were presented by the authors. History[2] was a favourite branch of his study; and in his latter years he confined himself almost entirely to Clarendon. Scott says, "that Swift loved the country, like most men of genius!" He does not seem to have been much alive to the delights of romantic scenery,[3] or the picturesque combinations of landscape; but he was fond of the advantages which it gave, the opportunities of exercise, and freedom from restraint.

[2] Baronius, says Deane Swift, was the only History of the Church that was to be found in the Dean's Library, v. Essay, p. 274. On Swift's *Sermons*, see Pope's and W. Harte's Commendations, in Nichols' ed. vol. ii. p. xxix.

[3] The first attempt at the beauties of modern gardening in Ireland, was made by Dr. Delany, at Delville, near Glassnevin. Like Pope, he impressed a great deal of beauty upon a very small spot of ground. These gardens still remain a monument of Delany's taste. Dr. Sheridan has left a humorous poetical description of them; v. Swiftiana, v. ii. p. 216. Neither Pope nor Swift, nor any one of his friends and visitors, that I remember, ever once alludes to the splendid combination of landscape seen from Richmond Hill. Pope's taste in gardening was confined to the arrangement of minute beauties, and unnatural conceits; indeed the choice of his ground, a flat field between walls and pales, shows that he did not seek the picturesque of nature. What a difference between a garden like his, and the delightful grounds of Red-leaf and Bromley Hill!

The stern independence of his character, and the strangeness and waywardness of his temper, made him appear, to superficial observers, full of contradictions. He was a zealous churchman, for no one carried the rights of his order higher than he did, nor could he brook the least slight or disparagement on that subject; yet he often wrote on matters connected with religion, and religious parties and belief, with a levity bordering upon profaneness.[4] Though a friend of liberty, he sided with the tory administration. Disliking Ireland, and abusing the inhabitants, he yet vindicated her rights, and appeared to feel deeply for her wrongs. Parsimonious in many of his habits of life, to a degree that was sordid and disreputable, he dealt out his charities with a discerning and liberal spirit. He was niggardly, but never avaricious;[5] and a considerable part of his moderate income was devoted to purposes of benevo-

[4] The strongest instance of this is in the Courtier's Creed. "I believe in King George the Second, the greatest captain and the wisest monarch between heaven and earth; and in Sir Robert Walpole, his only minister, our Lord: who was begotten of Barret the attorney, born of Mrs. W. of Houghton, accused of corruption, convicted, expelled, and imprisoned. He went down into Norfolk, the third year he came up again; he ascended into the administration, and sitteth at the head of the Treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who shall vote as they are commanded. I believe in Horace's (his brother's) Treaty, the sanctity of the Bishops, the independency of the Lords, the integrity of the Commons, restitution from the Spaniards, resurrection of credit, discharge of the public debts, and peace everlasting. Amen." V. Swiftiana, i. 42.

[5] Swift's economy had its rise in an honourable design of independence. "Wealth is liberty," he says, in one of his letters, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher. Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little, but he could not live sine dignitate; he declares it would kill

lence. His avarice, says Johnson, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but was liberal by principle. And if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.

In his habits of society he seems never to have lost the singularities of his temper, though he had been educated in the refined society of Sir W. Temple's house, and though he was probably master of all the rules of good breeding and politeness, yet he affected a rude bluntness of manner and strange independence of character, that was not always understood or allowed. He would call Lord Oxford out of the house[6] merely to form some trifling arrangement, and he would make Lady Burlington sing, though she ex-

him in a month, he could not endure to make any abatement in his liberalities. He writes to Pope, "Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven million of guineas would not support me." v. D. Swift's Essay, p. 365. Swift said that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

[6] Yet his eulogies on Oxford in some of his Tracts, as in the Proposals for improving the English Tongue, are carried very near the boundaries of flattery, v. Examiner, No. 26. See also Narrative of Guiscard's Examination, vol. xvi. p. 22. ed. Nichols, but see his Letter to Lord Bolingbroke, Oct. 31, p. 1729, vol. xii. p. 322.

pressed a disinclination; but to his inferiors,[7] this waywardness of disposition often passed into offences that could not be borne, and he trespassed at last too much on the goodnature and attachment of Sheridan. He is said to have much disliked the military,[8] and the profession of the law always afforded a rich harvest of bitter sarcasms and ridicule.

Swift was steady and zealous in his friendships, and those whom he promoted by his interest, or received into his intimacy, were generally persons distinguished for their patriotism or their talents. His prejudices and antipathies were grounded upon reasons of political aversion. The language which he habitually uses, when alluding to Lord Somers and Sir Robert Walpole, and others, is well known; his resentment outlived the faculties and life of the Duke of Marlborough, and attended his funeral with a satirical epitaph. He was unable to forbear throwing out a sarcasm against Steele, in the Rhapsody on Poetry, when death ought to have disarmed resentment.[9] In the

[7] Swift, dining at a house, where part of the table cloth next to him happened to have a small hole, tore it as wide as he could, and eat his soup through it; his reason, he said, for such behaviour, was to mortify the lady of the house, and to teach her to pay a proper attention to housewifery. V. Swiftiana, vol. ii. p. 53.

[8] See an "Essay on Modern Education," vol. v. p. 126. ed. Nichols.

[9] Swift seized upon Chief Justice Whitshed as a prey, lashed him and worried him out of all his patience, by sarcastical epigrams, squibs, and other severe reflections on his unworthy demeanour, until at last, he became odious and ridiculous to the whole kingdom. Neither *could his death* appease the vengeance of the incensed patriot; for Swift, resolving to make him an example to all future ages, pursued him into the regions of the dead, and coupled him

spleen and severity of his later days, he classed his friends into grateful, ungrateful, indifferent, and doubtful.[1] It is with satisfaction that we see the names of our favourite poets, Pope and Gay, ranked among the few who are honoured with the full esteem of the writer; and if we find Dr. Parnelle and Mr. Berkeley, marked with the letters of disapprobation, we must make some allowance for the suspicion and caprice which accompanied the infirmities of his age. When his different productions were submitted to the correction of his friends, he received their remarks with candour and attention. At Addison's suggestion, he made considerable alterations in the Poem of Baucis and Philemon[2]. On another occasion he put a pamphlet into the hands of a clergyman, for the benefit of his remarks; the critic suggested some alterations, but when the work appeared, he became sensible that the passages were altered for the worse, and expressed his regret that the Dean had acquiesced in the alteration. Sir (said Swift) I considered that the passages were of no great

with Anytus, the accuser of Socrates. Such, indeed, was at last the sacrifice that poor unfortunate Whitshed became unto the resentment of Swift, v. D. Swift's Essay, p. 189. Swift's satire covered Bettesworth with contempt and disgrace; he owned in the House of Commons that it had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year.

[1] See the list in Scott's Life, p. 478; a few names generally known, I have extracted:—

Arch. King, *u.*	Ld. Pr. Marsh, *g.*
Mr. Steele, *u.*	Mrs. Manly, *g.*
Dr. Sacheverell, *i.*	Bp. Sterne, *u.*
Dr. Delany, *i.* partly *g.*	Dr. Sheridan, *g.*
Queen Ch----, *u*	Mrs. Barber, *g.*

[2] Swift used to relate, that though the Poem of Baucis and Philemon consisted of no more than one hundred and seventy-seven verses, Addison made him blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore.

consequence, and I made the alterations you desired without hesitation; but, had I stood up in their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author, unwilling to hear of his errors; and by this ready compliance, I hoped you would at all times hereafter be the more free in your remarks." Sir W. Scott has summed up Swift's character as an author, in such a just and discriminating manner, and has given such value to his praise by its impartiality, that I cannot do better than extract from it what is necessary to enable the reader of Swift's works to form a correct estimate of his talents.

"As an author, there are three peculiarities remarkable in the character of Swift; the first is, the distinguished attribute of *originality*, and it cannot be refused to him by the most severe critic. Even Johnson has allowed that no author can be found who has borrowed so little, or who has so well maintained his claim to be considered original. There was, indeed, nothing written before his time which could serve for his model, and the few hints which he has adopted from other authors, bear no more resemblance to his compositions, than the green flax to the cable which is formed from it.

"The second peculiarity, is his total indifference to literary fame. Swift executed his various and numerous works as a carpenter forms wedges, mallets, or other implements of his art—not with the purpose of distinguishing himself by the workmanship of the tools themselves, but solely in order to render them fit for accomplishing a certain purpose, beyond which they were of no value in his eyes. He is often anxious about the success of his argument, and jealous of those who debate the

principles and the purpose for which he assumes the pen, but he evinces on all occasions an unaffected indifference for the fate of his writings, providing the end of their publication was answered. The careless mode in which Swift suffered his works to get to the public, his refusing them the credit of his name, and his renouncing all connection with the profits of literature,[3] indicate his disdain of the character of a professional author.[4]

"The third distinguishing mark of Swift's literary character is, that with the exception of history (for his fugitive attempts in Pindaric and

[3] In a letter to Pulteney, May 12, 1731, the Dean says, "I never got a farthing for any thing I ever writ, except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." This probably alludes to Gulliver's Travels, for which Pope obtained from the bookseller £300. There may be, however, some question whether this sum was not left at Pope's disposal, as well as that which he got for the Miscellanies, and which Swift awarded to him.---*Scott.* Swift certainly intended to *sell* his History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne, and gave it to Dr. King, with that design. See Mrs. Whiteway's Letter to Pope, May 16, 1740. See also Swift's Letter to Pulteney, May 12, 1735, on this subject.

[4] To these observations of Scott's concerning Swift's indifference to reputation as an author, I should add, that there were very few of his works to which, considering the situation of dignity he held in the church, he could be very anxious to publish his name; his two greatest works in prose, The Tale of a Tub and Gulliver's Travels, of course, could not be acknowledged; and very few of his poems were altogether such as a dignified churchman would like to own; for what was not coarse and indelicate, consisted of drollery and banter and wit in its various forms; and I remember that Swift had received a hint from Arch. King on this subject. I do not think therefore, with Scott, that Swift was indifferent to literary fame; but that he liked it rather *smuggled* than in fair trade. The verses he published *anonymously* were known as his, and brought him the praise and admiration they deserved.

Latin verse are too unimportant to be noticed), he has never attempted a style of composition, in which he has not obtained a distinguished pitch of excellence. We may often think the immediate mode of exercising his talents trifling, and sometimes coarse and offensive; but his Anglo-Latin verses, his riddles, his indelicate[5] descriptions and his violent political satires, are in their various departments as excellent as the subjects admitted, and only leave us more occasion to regret that so much talent was not uniformly employed on nobler topics."

As a poet,[6] Swift's post is pre-eminent in the sort of poetry which he cultivated. He never attempted any species of composition in which either the sublime or pathetic were required of him. But in every department of poetry where that was necessary, he displayed, as the subject chanced to require, either the blasting lightning of satire, or the lambent and meteor-like caricatures of frolicsome humour. His powers of versification are admirably adapted to his favourite subject. Rhyme, which is a handcuff to an inferior poet, he who is master of his art, wears as a bracelet. Swift was of the latter description; his lines fall as easily into the best grammatical arrangement, and the most simple and forcible expression, as if he had been writing in prose. The number and coincidence of rhymes, always correct and natural, though often unexpected, distinguish

[5] Perhaps the most offensive and indelicate passage in all Swift's Works, is an Examination of Certain Abuses in the City of Dublin, p. 271, ed. Nichols.

[6] Swift appears not to have had any knowledge of the fine arts, or love for them, in one of his works (the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms) he classes *virtuosos* among attornies, bauds, gamesters, ravishers, murderers, and pickpockets, &c.

the current of his poetical composition, which exhibit otherwise no mark of the difficulties with which those graces are obtained. In respect of matter, Swift seldom elevates his tone above a satirical dialogue, a moral lesson, or a poem on manners; but the former are unrivalled in severity, and the latter in ease. Sometimes, however, the intensity of his satire gives to his poetry a character of emphatic violence, which borders upon grandeur. This is peculiarly distinguishable in the Rhapsody on Poetry, which, according to Dr. King, he accounted his best satire, and surely with great justice; yet this grandeur is founded, not on sublimity either of conception or expression, but upon the energy of both, and indicates rather ardour of temper, than power of imagination. "Facit indignatio versus." The elevation of tone arises from the strong mood of passion, rather than from poetical fancy. When Dryden told Swift he would never be a poet, he only had reference to the Pindaric Odes, where power of imagination was necessary to success.

In the walk of satire and familiar poetry, wit and knowledge of mankind, joined to facility of expression, are the principal requisites of excellence, and in these Swift shines unrivalled.[6] Ca-

[6] I may insert Smedley's character of Swift in this place, extracted from the Gulliveriana:

THE DEVIL'S LAST GAME.—A SATIRE.

Said old Nick to St. Michael, you use me but ill,
To suppress all my force and restrain all my skill.
Let me loose at religion, I'll show my good parts,
And try if your doctrine can balance my arts.
'Tis a match, cried the angel, and drew off his guard,
And the devil slipt from him, to play a court card.
The first help he sought was a qualified mind,
That had compass and void for the use he design'd.

denus and Vanessa may be considered as his chef d'œuvres in that class of poems which is not professedly satirical. It is a poem on manners, and, like one of Marmontel's Contes moraux, traces the progress and circulation of passion, existing between two persons in modern society, contrasted strongly in age, manners, and situation. Yet even here the satirical vein of Swift has predominated. We look in vain for depth of feeling or tenderness of sentiment, although, had such existed in the poet's mind, the circumstances must have called it forth. The mythological fable, which conveys the compliments paid to Vanessa, is as cold as that addressed to Ardelia, or to Miss Floyd. It is in short a kind of poetry which neither affects sublimity nor pathos; but which, in the graceful facility of the poet, unites with the acute observation of the observer of human nature, to commemorate the singular contest between Cadenus and

There occurr'd a pert nothing, a stick of church-timber,
Who had stiffness of will, but his morals were limber.
To whom wit served for reason and passion for zeal,
Who had teeth like a viper, and tail like an eel.
Wore the malice of hell with a heavenly grace,
Of humour enchanting, and rosy of face.
His tongue flow'd with honey, his eyes flash'd delight,
He despised what was wrong, and abused what was right.
Had a knack to laugh luckily, never thought twice,
And with coarseness of heart had a taste that was nice;
Nature form'd him malignant, but whetting him fast,
He was edged for decay, and too brittle to last;
He would quarrel with virtue, because 'twas his foe's,
And was hardly a friend to the vice which he chose.
He could love nothing grave, nothing pleasant forbear,
He was always unjust, but was most so in prayer.
Lord be praised! quoth the devil, a fig for all grace;
So he breathed a new brogue on the bronze of his face.
Lent him pride above hope, and conceit above spleen,
Split him into church-service, and call'd him a *Dean*.

Vanessa, as an extraordinary chapter in the history of the mind.

The Dean's promptitude in composition was equal to his smoothness and felicity of expression. At Mr. Gore's, in the county of Cavan, he heard the lively air called the feast of O'Rourke;[7] and obtaining a literal translation of the original Irish song from the author, Mr. Macgowan, executed, with surprising rapidity, the spirited translation which is found in his works. Of the general style of Swift's poems, Johnson has said, "They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended; the diction is correct, the numbers smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style—'proper words in proper places.'" As an historian Swift is entitled to little notice: his History of England is an abridgement, written evidently in imitation of Paterculus, but without those advantages in point of information which render the Latin author valuable. The Dean abandoned his task, 'because,' as he said with a sort of smile, to Mr. Deane Swift, 'I have found them all such a pack of rascals, I would have no more to say to them.' His account of the four last years of Queen Anne[8] has little pretensions to the name of history. It is written with the feelings

[7] See Swiftiana, vol. ii. p. 21.

[8] Is the criticism upon this work in the Annual Register of 1758 by Burke? Lord Chesterfield used to say of this work of Swift's, that the historical part was a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, he says, Lord Bolingbroke assured him was coined and delivered out to Swift as materials for Examiners and other political papers. "This spirit," says his lordship, "remarkably runs through-

and prejudices of a party writer, and does not deserve to be separated from The Examiner and other political tracts of which Swift was the author.

But although his political treatises raised his fame when published, and are still read as excellent models of that species of composition, it is to his Tale of a Tub,[1] to the Battle of the Books, to his moral romance of Gulliver, and to his smaller, but not less exquisite satire on Men and Manners, that Swift owes the extent and permanency of his popularity as an English classic of the first rank.

In reference to these works, Card. Polignac used the remarkable expression, ' qu'il avoit l'esprit créateur.' He possessed, indeed, in the highest perfection, the wonderful power of so embodying and imaging forth the shadows and riches of the mind, that the picture of the imagination is received by the reader as if it were truth. Undoubtedly the same keen and powerful intellect, which could sound all the depths and shallows of active life, had stored his mind with facts drawn from his own acute observation, and thus supplied with ma-

out; for instance, Swift says, Macartney murdered the Duke of Hamilton. Nothing is falser; for though Macartney was capable of the vilest actions, he was guiltless of that, as I myself can testify, who was at his trial in the King's Bench, when he came over to take it in the late king's time. . . . This lie was invented to inflame the Scotch nation against the Whigs; as was the other, that Prince Eugene intended to murder Lord Oxford, and employing a set of people called Mohocks, which society, by the way, never existed, calculated to inflame the mob of London. Swift took these hints de la meilleure foi du monde, and thought them materials for history; so far he is blameless."---Swiftiana, vol. ii. p. 85. See also a note by Warburton, in Nichols' ed. vol. ii. p. xix.

[1] On the Tale of a Tub, the observations of the able writer in the Edinburgh Review, No. liii. p. 467, should be read, as well as those on Gulliver's Travels, in the same article; they appear to me to be candid, acute, and just: the narrow limits of this work alone preclude their insertion.

terials the creative talent which he possessed. In fiction he possessed, in the most extensive sense, the art of verisimilitude—the power of adopting and sustaining a fictitious character under every peculiarity of place and circumstance. A considerable part of this secret rests upon minuteness of narrative. Small and detached facts formed the foreground of a narrative when told by an eye-witness. They are the subjects which immediately press upon his attention, and have, with respect to him as an individual, an importance which they are far from bearing to the general scene in which he is engaged. But to a distant spectator, all these minute incidents are lost and blended in the general current of events; and it requires the discrimination of Swift or Defoe to select in a fictitious narrative, such an enumeration of minute incidents as might strike the beholder of a real fact, especially such a one as has not been taught, by an enlarged mind and education, to generalize his observations.

The proposition I have ventured to lay down respecting the art of giving verisimilitude to a fictitious narrative, has a corollary resting on this one principle. As minute particulars, pressing close upon the observation of the narrator, occupy a disproportionate share of his narrative, and of his observation, so circumstances more important in themselves, in those cases, attract his notice only partially, and are, therefore, but imperfectly detailed; in other words, there is a distance as also a foreground in narrative as in natural perspective, and the scale of objects necessarily decreases as they are withdrawn from the vicinity of him who reports them. In this particular the art of Swift is equally manifest. The information which Gulliver acquires from hearsay is communicated in a more vague

and general manner than that reported on his own knowledge. He does not, like other voyagers into Utopian realms, bring us back a minute account of their laws and government, but merely such general information upon these topics as a well-informed and curious stranger may be reasonably supposed to acquire during some months' residence in a foreign country. In short, the narratives—the centre and main-spring of the story, which neither exhibits a degree of extended information, such as circumstances could not permit him to acquire, nor omits those minute incidents which the same circumstances rendered of importance to him, because immediately affecting his own person. Swift has the more easily attained this perfection of fictitious narrative, because in all his work, of whatever description, he has maintained the most undeviating attention to the point at issue. What Mr. Cambridge has justly observed of the Battle of the Books, is equally true as a general characteristic of Swift's writings; whoever examines them will find that through the whole piece, no one episode or allusion is introduced for its own sake, but every point appears not only consistent with, but written for the express purpose of strengthening and supporting the whole. Upon the style of Swift[9] Dr. Johnson made the following observations, which are entitled to weight from the

[9] When employed in writing the Dean's life, Dr. Johnson received two invitations from Deane Swift, Esq. to spend some time at his house in Worcestershire. The purpose was to make every communication in his power that might throw light on the history of his relative. Dr. Johnson declined alike the invitation and the information offered.--- The cause of Johnson's dislike to Swift does not seem clearly ascertained. Dr. Percy has thought it was on account of Swift being opposed to Dr. Madden's scheme for distributing prizes in Trinity College. Vide Scott's Life, p. 493.

learning and character of the critic. It is, however, as Scott observes, to be considered, that the author of the Rambler may be supposed in some degree to undervalue a structure of composition so strikingly opposed to his own, and that Dr. Johnson appears to have been unfriendly to the memory of Swift.

"In his works he has given very different specimens both of sentiment and expression. His Tale of a Tub has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and a vivacity of diction, such as he afterwards never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar that it must be considered of itself, what is true of that, is not true of any thing else that he has written. In his other works is found an agreeable tenor of easy language, which rather trickles than flows.[1] His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been stated, is not true, but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity, and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often these solecisms can be found; And whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted, and it would not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions. His style was well suited

[1] Horace Walpole used to say that Swift's style was excellent, though without grace, and that it was more correct than Dryden's or Addison's. Hume, in a letter to Robertson, says, "What the devil had you to do with that old fashioned dangling word, *wherewith*? I should as soon take back *whereupon*, *whereunto*, *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerable decent gentleman of the family is *wherein*,

to his thoughts, which are never subtilized by rare disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by farsought learning. He pays no court to the passions, he excites neither surprise nor admiration. He always understands himself, and his readers always understand him. The peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge, and it is sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things. He is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities. His passage is always on a level, or by solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction." Granger, in his Biographical History, has given the following character of Swift, which has been thought worthy of insertion in more than one of the accounts of his life.

"Jonathan Swift was blessed in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries with the power of a creative genius. The more we dwell on the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us, in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had in his virtues few equals, and in his talents no superior. In that of humour, and

and I should not choose to be often seen in his company; but I know your affection for *wherewith* proceeds from your partiality to *Dean Swift*, whom I can often laugh with, whose style I can even approve, surely can never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament, and not much correctness, whatever the English may imagine. Were not their literature still in a somewhat barbarous state, that author's place would not be so high among their classics." I am not to take orders till the king gives me a *Prebendary*, (see Letter, Nov. 29, 1692) is a strange mistake! On Swift's style, see remarks in Edinburgh Review, No. liii. p. 56.

especially of irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be unrivalled. He did the highest honour to his country by his parts, and was a great blessing to it by the vigilance and activity of his public spirit. His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive, familiar without vulgarity or meanness, and beautiful without affectation or ornament. He is sometimes licentious in his satire, and transgresses the boards of delicacy and purity. He, in the latter part of his life, availed himself of the privilege of his great wit to trifle; but, when, in this instance, we deplore the misapplication of such wonderful abilities, we at the same time admire the whims, if not the dotage of Swift. He was perhaps, the only clergyman of his time, who had a thorough knowledge of men and manners. His Tale of a Tub,[2] his Gulliver's Travels, and his Drapiers' Letters, are the most considerable of his prose works, and his Legion Club, his Cadenus and Vanessa, and his Rhapsody on Poetry, are at the head of his poetical performances. His writings in general are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their author's fame."

[2] Dr. Warton says that Swift used to be mortified at Sir W. Temple's censure and contempt of burlesque writing, and that he was much hurt at Sir William's last paragraph upon Ancient and Modern Learning—"I wish the vein of ridiculing all that is serious and good, all honour and virtue, as well as learning and piety, may have no worse effect upon any state. It is the itch of our age and climate, and has overrun both the court and the stage; enters a house of Lords and Commons as boldly as a coffee-house, debates of council, as well as private conversation: and I have known in my life more than one or two ministers of state, that would rather have said a witty thing than done a wise one; and made the company laugh rather than the kingdom rejoice."

APPENDIX.

FROM SPENCE'S ANECDOTES. ED. SINGER.

Page 10. It was Anthony Henley who wrote the life of his Music Master, Tom Durfey, a chapter by way of Episode. It was from a part of these memoirs that Swift took his first hints for Gulliver. There were Pigmies in Schreibler's Travels, and the Projects of Laputa, &c.—*Pope.*

P. 141. Dr. Swift was a great reader and admirer of Rabelais, and used sometimes to scold me for not liking him enough; indeed, there were so many things in his works in which I could not see any manner of meaning driven at, that I could never read him over with any patience.—*Pope.*

P. 158. That picture of Dr. Swift is very like him; though his face has *a look of dulness* in it, he has very particular eyes: they are quite azure as the heavens, and there is a very uncommon archness in them.—*Pope.*

P. 207. Rabelais had written some sensible pieces, which the world did not regard at all. "I will write something," said he, "that they shall take notice of;" and so sate down to writing nonsense. Every body allows that there are several things without any manner of meaning in his Pantagruel. Dr. Swift likes it much, and thinks there are more good things in it than I do.—*Pope.*

P. 234. Swift has stolen all his humour from Cervantes and Rabelais.—*Lady W. Montague.*

P. 286. Rollin has written a letter very full of compliments to Dr. Swift. "Has he not affronted him by it?" No! the doctor does not hate praise, he only dislikes it when it is extravagant and coarse. When B—— told him he loved him more than all his relations and friends, the Dean made him no answer, but said afterwards "The man's a fool." I once said to him, "There's a lady, Doctor, that longs to see you, and admires you above all things." "Then I despise her heartily," said he.—*Pope.* Quære *(Boyle)* Ed.

P. 291. There is hardly any laying down particular rules for writing our language: even Dean Swift's, which seem to be the best I ever heard, were three in four of them not thoroughly well-grounded.—*Pope.*

P. 307. Halifax also overloaded Swift with compliments and promises; but Swift does not appear to have been his dupe. In a small book of French verses, found in his library at his decease, he had written these words: "Given me by Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only *favour* I ever received from him or his party."

P. 334. Swift, Steele, and Addison are all great masters of humour. Swift had a *mixture of insolence in his conversation.—Dr. Young.*

P. 350. Dr. Swift gave Mr. Coote, a gentleman of very good character and fortune, a letter of recommendation to Mr. Pope, couched in the following terms: "Dear Pope, though the little fellow that brings this be a Justice of the Peace, and a member of our Irish House of Commons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance.—*Mr. Jones of Welwyn.*

P. 375. Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser and very vain. In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Cæsar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of person they supposed Ambrose was? He was answered, that from medals, &c. it appeared that he was a small man and thin-faced. Now, for my part, said Ambrose, I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches high; an exact description of Philips himself. Swift, who understood good-breeding extremely well, and would not interrupt any body while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said, And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high, not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding sleeves.—*Dr. Young.*

The following Letters, hitherto unpublished, have come to hand since the foregoing Memoir was printed, addressed to Mr. [Ambrose] Philips, by Dean Swift. Edit.

"TO MR. PHILIPS."

London, July 10, 1708.

"I was very well pleased to hear you were so kind to remember me in your letter to Mr. Addison, but infinitely better to have a line from yourself. Your saying that you know nothing of your affairs more than when you left us, puts me in mind of a passage in Don Quixote, where Sancho, upon his master's first adventure, comes and asks him for the island he had promised, and which he must certainly have won in that terrible combat: To which the knight replied in these memorable words:—"Look ye, Sancho, all adventures are not adventures of islands, but many of them of dry blows, and hunger, and hard lodging; however, take courage, for one day or other, all of a sudden, before you know where you are, an island will fall into my hands as fit for you as a ring for the finger." In the meantime the adventures of my Lord and you are likely to pass with less danger and with less hunger, so that you need less patience to stay till midwife Time will please to deliver this commission from your womb of Fate. I wish the victory we have got, and the scenes you pass through would put you into humour of writing a pastoral to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough, who, I hope will soon be your General. My Lord and you may, perhaps, appear well enough to the York ladies from the distance of a window, but you will both be deceived if you venture any nearer. They will dislike his Lordship's manner and conversation, as too southern by three degrees; and as for your part, what notion have they of spleen or sighing for an absent mistress? I am not so good an astronomer to know whether Venus ever cuts the Arctic Circle, or comes within the vortex of Ursa Major; nor can I conceive how love can ripen where gooseberries will not.

The triumvirate of Mr. Addison, Steele, and me, come together as seldom as the sun, moon, and earth: I often see each of them, and each of them me and each other; and when I am of the number justice is done you as you would desire.

I hope you have no intentions of fixing for any time in the north---Sed nec in Arctoo sedem tibi figeris orbe; but let my Lord Mark, though he is your north star, guide you to the south. I have always had a natural antipathy to places that are famous for ale. Wine is the liquor of the Gods and ale of the Goths; and thus I have luckily found out the reason of the proverb---to have guts in one's brain; that is, what a wise man eats and drinks rises upwards, and is the nourishment of his head, where all is digested; and, consequently, a fool's brains are in his guts, where his beef, and thoughts, and ale descend. Yet your hours would pass more agreeably if you could forget every absent friend and mistress you have, because of that impotens Desiderium, than which nothing is a more violent feeder of the spleen, and there is nothing in life equal to recompense that.

Pray tell my Lord Mark Kerr I humbly acknowledge the honour of his remembrance, and am his most obedient servant; tell him I love him as an homme de bien, honeste, dégagé, désinteressé, libéral, et qui se connoit bien en hommes. As for you, I have nothing to wish mended but your fortune; and in the meantime, a little cheerfulness, added to your humour, because it is so necessary towards making your court. I will say nothing to all your kind expressions, but that if I have deserved your friendship as much as I have endeavoured to cultivate it, ever since I knew you, I should have as fair pretensions as any man could offer. And if you are a person of so much wit and invention as to be able to find out any use for my service, it will increase my good opinion both of you and myself.

St. James's Coffee House is grown a very dull place upon two accounts, first by the loss of you, and secondly of every body else. Mr. Addison's lameness goes off daily, and so does he, for I see him seldomer than formerly, and, therefore, cannot revenge myself of you by getting ground in your absence. Col. Froud is just as he was, very friendly and grand réveur et distrait. He has brought his poems almost to perfection, and I have great credit with him, because I can listen when he reads, which neither you, nor the Addisons, nor Steeles ever can. I am interrupted by a foolish old woman; and besides here is enough. Mr. Addison has promised to send this, for I know not where to direct, nor have you instructed me. I am ever your most faithful humble servant,

J. Swift.

"FOR MR. PHILIPS."

London, Sept. 14, 1708.

NOTHING is a greater argument that I look on myself as one whose acquaintance is perfectly useless, than that I am not so constant or exact in writing to you as I should otherwise be, and I am glad at heart to see Mr. Addison, who may live to be serviceable to you, so mindful in your absence. He has reproached me more than once for not frequently sending him a letter to convey to you. That man has worth enough to give reputation to an age, and all the merit I can hope for with regard to you, will be my advice to cultivate his friendship to the utmost, and my assistance to do you all the good offices towards it in my power.

I have not seen Lord Mark these three weeks, nor have heard any thing of him, but his poetry, which a lady showed me some time ago, it was some love-verses, but I have forgot the matter and the subject, or rather the object, though I think they were to Mrs. Hales.

I can fit you with no fable at present, unless it should be of the man that rambled up and down to look for fortune, at length came home and saw her lying at a man's feet who was fast asleep, and never stirred a step; this I reflected on t'other day, when my Lord Treasurer gave a young fellow, a friend of mine, an employment sinecure of £400 a year, added to one of £300 he had before; I hope, though you are not yet a captain, Lord M. has so much consideration to provide you with pay suitable to the expense and trouble you are at, or else you are the greatest dupe, and he the greatest —— on earth; and I wish you would tell me plainly how that matter passes. You say nothing of the fair one. I hope you are easier on that foot than when you left us, else I shall either wish her hanged or you married, but whether to her or some Yorkshire lady with ten thousand pounds, I am somewhat in doubt. There is some comfort that you will learn your trade of a soldier in this expedition, at least the most material part of it, long marches, ill diet, hard lodging, and scurvy company. I wish you would bring us home half a dozen pastorals, though they were all made up of complaints of your mistress, and of fortune. Lady Betty Germaine is upon all occasions stirring up Lord Dorset, to show you some marks of his favour, which I hope may one day be of good effect,

or he is good for nothing. Lord Pembroke is going to be married to Lady Arundel. We are here crammed with hopes and fears about the siege of Lisle, and the expectations of a battle; but I believe you have little humour for public reflections. For my part I think your best course is to try whether the Bishop of Durham will give you a niece and a golden prebend, unless you are so high a whig that your principles, like your mistress, are at Geneva.

I have never been a night from this town since you left, and could envy you if your mind were in a condition to enjoy the pleasures of the country. But I hope you will begin to think of London, and not dream of wintering in the North, Scoticas pati pruinas.

Here has been an essay of Enthusiasm lately published, that has run mightily, and is very well writ. All my friends will have me to be the author, sed ego non credulus illis. By the free whiggish thinking I should rather take it to be yours; but mine it is not, for though I am every day writing by speculations in my chamber, they are quite of another sort.

I expect to see you return very fat with Yorkshire ale, Pray let us know when we are to expect you, and resolve this winter to be a man of levees, and to be a man of hopes, and who knows what that may produce against spring. I am sure no man wishes you better, or would do more in his power to bring those wishes to effect, which though they are expressions usually offered most freely by those that can do least; I hope you will do me the justice to believe them and myself to be entirely

Your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. Swift.

P. S. I saw Dr. Englis to-day, who tells me Lord Mark has grace to consider you so far, as not to travel at your own charges.

THE

POEMS OF SWIFT.

ODE TO DOCTOR WILLIAM SANCROFT,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

WRITTEN IN MAY 1689, AT THE DESIRE OF THE LATE LORD BISHOP OF ELY.

I.

Truth is eternal, and the Son of Heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day;
First of God's darling attributes,
Thou daily seest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in every sublunary dance;
How shall we find Thee then in dark disputes?
How shall we search Thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger contests, and th' artillery of words,

(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues
are madmen's swords,)
Contrived to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II.

But where is even thy Image on our earth?
For of the person much I fear,
Since Heaven will claim its residence, as well as
birth,
And God himself has said, He shall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but Heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;
Whence the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a
glass;
Which all the mimic forms express,
Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely
dress;
So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye,
And catch the living landscape through a scanty
light,
The figures all inverted show,
And colours of a faded hue;
Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads;
There whole herds suspended lie,
Ready to tumble down into the sky;

Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.
Disjointing shapes as in the fairy land of dreams,
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder, then, we talk amiss
Of truth, and what, or where it is;
Say, Muse, for thou, if any, know'st,
Since the bright essence fled, where haunts the reverend ghost?

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue, be
(High Truth) the best resemblance of exalted Thee,
If a mind fix'd to combat fate
With those two powerful swords, submission and humility,
Sounds truly good, or truly great;
Ill may I live, if the good Sancroft, in his holy rest,
In the divinity of retreat,
Be not the brightest pattern earth can show
Of heaven-born Truth below;
But foolish man still judges what is best
In his own balance, false and light,
Following opinion, dark and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV.

And some, to be large ciphers in a state,
Pleased with an empty swelling to be counted great,
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,

Rapt through the wide expanse of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place;
Errors like this did old astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
Through many a heedless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
And thousand incoherent journeys take,
Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.
The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle,
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and still;
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
By gazing upward giddy grow,
And think the church itself does so;
Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's motion quite irregular appears,
Because 'tis opposite to theirs.

v.

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
Whose peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
In gath'ring follies from the wise;
Rather put on thy anger and thy spite,
And some kind power for once dispense

Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much
sense,
To make them understand, and feel me when I write;
The muse and I no more revenge desire,
Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and
like fire;
Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins,
(Say, hapless isle, although
It is a bloody list we know,)
Has given thee up a dwelling-place to fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound
In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring:
Our British soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous
weeds,
And every stinking weed so lofty grows,
As if 'twould overshade the Royal Rose;
The Royal Rose, the glory of our morn,
But, ah! too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (original mildness) this ill-govern'd zeal,
'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
In the pollution of these days;
No province now is left her but to rail,
And poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas, the occasions are so few:

None e'er but you,
And your Almighty Master, knew
With heavenly peace of mind to bear
(Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
The giddy turns of popular rage,
And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
The Son of God pronounced by the same breath
Which straight pronounced his death;
And though I should but ill be understood,
In wholly equalling our sin and theirs,
And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
(Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance
make use,)
And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
With endless and with infinite;
Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit
of the Jews,
That those forsaken wretches who to-day
Revile his great ambassador,
Seem to discover what they would have done
(Were his humanity on earth once more)
To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wondrous
proud,
Though very turbulent and very loud;
The crazy composition shows,

Like that fantastic medley in the idol's toes,
Made up of iron mixt with clay,
This crumbles into dust,
That moulders into rust,
Or melts by the first shower away.
Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so;
And those, alas, do show,
Like all transcendent excellence below;
In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
And far exalted objects lessen by their height:
Thus primitive Sancroft moves too high
To be observed by vulgar eye,
And rolls the silent year
On his own secret regular sphere,
And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence here.

VIII.

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence here,
Or from thy private peaceful orb appear;
For, sure, we want some guide from Heaven, to show
The way which every wand'ring fool below
Pretends so perfectly to know;
And which, for aught I see, and much I fear,
The world has wholly miss'd;
I mean the way which leads to Christ:
Mistaken idiots! see how giddily they run,
Led blindly on by avarice and pride,

What mighty numbers follow them;
Each fond of erring with his guide:
Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high Son
In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem:
Others, ignorantly wise,
Among proud doctors and disputing Pharisees:
What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;
Their faith was so uncourtly, when they said
That Heaven's high Son was in a village born;
That the world's Saviour had been
In a vile manger laid,
And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX.

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste,
To mend dilapidations in the last?
And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty Prince,
Thinks Heaven has cancell'd all our sins,
And that his subjects share his happy influence;
Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should,
But wicked kings draw more examples than the good:
And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
Of a declining church, by faction, her worst foe, oppress'd,

Finding the mitre almost grown
A load as heavy as the crown,
Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X.

Ah! may no unkind earthquake of the state,
Nor hurricano from the crown,
Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of late,
Which, in its dusky march along the plain,
Swept up whole churches as it list,
Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
Like that prophetic tempest in the virgin reign,
And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down.
Such were the storms good Sancroft long has borne;
The mitre, which his sacred head has worn,
Was, like his Master's Crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
The bitter cup is from him past:
Fortune in both extremes
Though blasts from contrariety of winds,
Yet to firm heavenly minds,
Is but one thing under two different names;
And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen,
Confesses ignorance to judge between;
And must to human reasoning opposite conclude,
To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
Which the disguise of greatness only served to hide.
Why should the Sun, alas! be proud
To lodge behind a golden cloud?
Though fringed with evening gold the cloud appears so gay,
'Tis but a low-born vapour kindled by a ray:
At length 'tis overblown and past,
Puff'd by the people's spiteful blast,
The dazzling glory dims their prostituted sight,
No deflower'd eye can face the naked light:
Yet does this high perfection well proceed
From strength of its own native seed,
This wilderness, the world, like that poetic wood of old,
Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will improve,
To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above;
For, whate'er theologic levellers dream,
There are degrees above, I know,
As well as here below,
(The goddess Muse herself has told me so),
Where high patrician souls, dress'd heavenly gay,
Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day.
There some high-spirited throne to Sancroft shall be given,

In the metropolis of Heaven;
Chief of the mitred saints, and from archprelate here,
Translated to archangel there.

XII.

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
Either our blindness or our fate,
To lose the providence of thy cares,
Pity a miserable church's tears,
That begs the powerful blessing of thy prayers.
Some angel, say, what were the nation's crimes,
That sent these wild reformers to our times:
Say what their senseless malice meant,
To tear religion's lovely face:
Strip her of every ornament and grace;
In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint?
Religion now does on her death-bed lie,
Heart-sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to show their mortal skill,
And by their college arts methodically kill:
Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the design the same;
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
Is but the patient's death, and gain——
Check in thy satire, angry Muse,
Or a more worthy subject choose:
Let not the outcasts of an outcast age
Provoke the honour of my Muse's rage,
Nor be thy mighty spirit rais'd,
Since Heaven and Cato both are pleas'd——

[The rest of the poem is lost.]

ODE TO THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

WRITTEN AT MOOR-PARK IN JUNE 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies!
Till its first emperor, rebellious man,
Deposed from off his seat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found;
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,

The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchymy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present life, in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools:
For learning's mighty treasures look
Into that deep grave, a book;
Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since she died;
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priests, her train, and followers, show
As if they all were spectres too!
They purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
And, sick with dregs and knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch! nay, doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy,)
Who learn'd himself that heresy first,
(Which since has seized on all the rest,)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scaped this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learned, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compared to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.[1]
You bought it at a cheaper rate;

[1] Sir William Temple was ambassador to the States of Holland, and had a principal share in the negotiations which preceded the treaty of Nimeguen, 1679.

Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War, that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For, though with loss, or victory, a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies:
And ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries.
About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire, the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shafts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly,)
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;

Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow, and how gross, the cheat!
Look where the pulley's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountains shake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scared at the unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muse!
What serpent's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,

So wore he his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite;
Till, at last, tired with loss of time and ease,
Resolved to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, beloved Muse! the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain,
Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go, publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight.
These are the paradises of her own:
Thy Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led,
To the loved pastures where he used to feed,
Runs violent o'er his usual course.
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-loved streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,

Oft she looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town;
And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see,
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierced by the blunt rays of sight,)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitious upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your nobler pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?

Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade:
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw:
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's galleys tied:
In vain I strive to cross the spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar;
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again:
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease;
And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:

In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy:
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow:
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth,
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

To purchase kingdoms and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made,)
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due!

Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amazed, thy action at the Boyne we see!
When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
The impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
You need but now give orders and command,

Your name shall the remaining work perform,
And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by fate,
Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.[1]

Moor Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
When this huge body's moisture was so great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
That mountain which was highest, first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight;

[1] "I have been told, that Dryden having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden."---*Johnson*.

And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to Heaven as is its name;
So, after the inundation of a war,
When learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark,
At the first ebb of noise and fears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To show the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat,
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the first
that grew,
The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and
rain,)
And thence, with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king.[1]

[1] The Ode I writ to the king in Ireland.---*Swift.*

And the Dove-Muse is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war,)
And now discovers from afar
A peaceful and a flourishing shore:
No sooner did she land
On the delightful strand,
Than straight she sees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune ruled erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleasant wood;
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
Preserved by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Famed Delos did of old;
And the transported Muse imagined it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd-of oracular grove;
When, with amazing joy, she hears
An unknown music all around,
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love;
While angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen ;
Forgive a young and (almost) virgin Muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
Has forced to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye :
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
For a dear ramble through impertinence ;
Impertinence ! the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natured and the ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these,
All merit, that transcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise.
And our good brethren of the surly sect,
Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools :
For though possess'd of present vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade ;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
From us, the blind and thoughtless crowd,

Like the famed hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and good,
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage,
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic, and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail

Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or anything at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms justling in a heap:
Which, from eternal seeds begun,
Justling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the sun:
They're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfied to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene,
Is wonderfully moved by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye,)

That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the famed Lydian king,
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienced glories wait,)
Still wear, still dote on his invisible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is, perhaps, as hard t' imagine right,
As to paint Echo to the sight,
I would not draw the idea from an empty name;
Because, alas! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know,

Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days:
These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimseys, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit,
Enthroned with heavenly Wit!
Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due:
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, straight became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away

Into his native sea,
Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly, slippery God, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you, to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phenomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic God would grope in ignorance and night,
The God of learning and of light
Would want a God himself to help him out.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.

This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools' and madmen's hands than sages',
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restored her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel Muse, alas! takes part,
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?

Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
Lie upon you and on your children's head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have even increased their pride and cruelty.
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from us;
And had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus.
Well—though you've raised her to this high degree,
Ourselves are raised as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me,
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the closing an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy Muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
I grieve, this nobler work, most happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
For, when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare

To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
Yet shall the traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign:
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred lists of fame.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1693.

THRICE, with a prophet's voice, and prophet's power,
The Muse was called in a poetic hour,
And insolently thrice the slighted maid
Dared to suspend her unregarded aid;
Then with that grief we form in spirits divine,
Pleads for her own neglect, and thus reproaches mine.

Once highly honoured! false is the pretence
You make to truth, retreat, and innocence!
Who, to pollute my shades, bring'st with thee down
The most ungenerous vices of the town;
Ne'er sprung a youth from out this isle before
I once esteem'd, and loved, and favour'd more,
Nor ever maid endured such courtlike scorn,
So much in mode, so very city-born;
'Tis with a foul design the Muse you send,
Like a cast mistress, to your wicked friend;
But find some new address, some fresh deceit,
Nor practise such an antiquated cheat;
These are the beaten methods of the stews,
Stale forms, of course, all mean deceivers use,
Who barbarously think to 'scape reproach,
By prostituting her they first debauch.
Thus did the Muse severe unkindly blame
This offering long design'd to Congreve's fame;
First chid the zeal as unpoetic fire,
Which soon his merit forced her to inspire;
Then call this verse, that speaks her largest aid,
The greatest compliment she ever made,
And wisely judge, no power beneath divine
Could leap the bounds which part your world and mine;
For, youth, believe, to you unseen, is fix'd
A mighty gulf, unpassable betwixt.
Nor tax the goddess of a mean design
To praise your parts by publishing of mine;

That be my thought when some large bulky writ
Shows in the front the ambition of my wit;
There to surmount what bears me up, and sing
Like the victorious wren perch'd on the eagle's wing;
This could I do, and proudly o'er him tower,
Were my desires but heighten'd to my power.
  Godlike the force of my young Congreve's bays,
Softening the Muse's thunder into praise;
Sent to assist an old unvanquish'd pride
That looks with scorn on half mankind beside;
A pride that well suspends poor mortals' fate,
Gets between them and my resentment's weight,
Stands in the gap 'twixt me and wretched men,
T' avert th' impending judgments of my pen.
  Thus I look down with mercy on the age,
By hopes my Congreve will reform the stage:
For never did poetic mind before
Produce a richer vein, or cleaner ore;
The bullion stamp'd in your refining mind
Serves by retail to furnish half mankind.
With indignation I behold your wit
Forced on me, crack'd, and clipp'd, and counterfeit,
By vile pretenders, who a stock maintain
From broken scraps and filings of your brain.
Through native dross your share is hardly known,
And by short views mistook for all their own;
So small the gains those from your wit do reap,
Who blend it into folly's larger heap,
Like the sun's scatter'd beams which loosely pass,
When some rough hand breaks the assembling glass.

Yet want your critics no just cause to rail,
Since knaves are ne'er obliged for what they steal.
These pad on wit's high road, and suits maintain
With those they rob, by what their trade does gain.
Thus censure seems that fiery froth which breeds
O'er the sun's face, and from his heat proceeds,
Crusts o'er the day, shadowing its partent beam,
As ancient nature's modern masters dream;
This bids some curious praters here below
Call Titan sick, because their sight is so;
And well, methinks, does this allusion fit
To scribblers, and the god of light and wit;
Those who by wild delusions entertain
A lust of rhyming for a poet's vein,
Raise envy's clouds to leave themselves in night,
But can no more obscure my Congreve's light,
Than swarms of gnats, that wanton in a ray
Which gave them birth, can rob the world of day.
What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since,
Round all the circles of impertinence,
Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies:

For, could you think? the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;
Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaux
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetic schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those powers the critics, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worshipp'd cats, and sacrificed to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf?
Haply you judge these lines severely writ
Against the proud usurpers of the pit;
Stay while I tell my story, short, and true;
To draw conclusions shall be left to you;
Nor need I ramble far to force a rule,
But lay the scene just here at Farnham school.
Last year, a lad hence by his parents sent
With other cattle to the city went;
Where having cast his coat, and well pursued
The methods most in fashion to be lewd,
Return'd a finish'd spark this summer down,
Stock'd with the freshest gibberish of the town;
A jargon form'd from the lost language, wit,
Confounded in that Babel of the pit;
Form'd by diseased conceptions, weak and wild,
Sick lust of souls, and an abortive child;

Born between whores and fops, by lewd compacts,
Before the play, or else between the acts;
Nor wonder, if from such polluted minds
Should spring such short and transitory kinds,
Or crazy rules to make us wits by rote,
Last just as long as every cuckoo's note:
What bungling, rusty tools are used by fate!
'Twas in an evil hour to urge my hate,
My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed:
When man's ill genius to my presence sent
This wretch, to rouse my wrath, for ruin meant;
Who in his idiom vile, with Gray's-Inn grace,
Squander'd his noisy talents to my face;
Named every player on his fingers' ends,
Swore all the wits were his peculiar friends;
Talk'd with that saucy and familiar ease
Of Wycherly, and you, and Mr. Bays:[1]
Said, how a late report your friends had vex'd,
Who heard you meant to write heroics next;
For, tragedy, he knew, would lose you quite,
And told you so at Wills's but t'other night.
Thus are the lives of fools a sort of dreams,
Rendering shades things, and substances of names;
Such high companions may delusion keep,
Lords are a footboy's cronies in his sleep.
As a fresh miss, by fancy, face, and gown,

[1] Dryden, whom Swift never mentions with reverence.—*Scott.*

Render'd the topping beauty of the town,
Draws every rhyming, prating, dressing sot,
To boast of favours that he never got;
Of which, whoe'er lacks confidence to prate,
Brings his good parts and breeding in debate;
And not the meanest coxcomb you can find,
But thanks his stars, that Phillis has been kind;
Thus prostitute my Congreve's name is grown
To every lewd pretender of the town.
Troth, I could pity you; but this is it,
You find, to be the fashionable wit;
These are the slaves whom reputation chains,
Whose maintenance requires no help from brains.
For, should the vilest scribbler to the pit,
Whom sin and want e'er furnish'd out a wit;
Whose name must not within my lines be shown,
Lest here it live, when perish'd with his own;[1]
Should such a wretch usurp my Congreve's place,
And choose out wits who ne'er have seen his face;
I'll be my life but the dull cheat would pass,
Nor need the lion's skin conceal the ass;
Yes, that beau's look, that vice, those critic ears,
Must needs be right, so well resembling theirs.
Perish the Muse's hour thus vainly spent
In satire, to my Congreve's praises meant;

[1] To this resolution Swift ever after adhered; for of the infinite multitude of libellers who personally attacked him, there is not the name mentioned of any one of them throughout his works; and thus, together with their writings, have they been consigned to eternal oblivion.---S.

In how ill season her resentments rule,
What's that to her if mankind be a fool?
Happy beyond a private Muse's fate,
In pleasing all that's good among the great,[1]
Where though her elder sisters crowding throng,
She still is welcome with her innocent song;
Whom were my Congreve blest to see and know,
What poor regards would merit all below!
How proudly would he haste the joy to meet,
And drop his laurel at Apollo's feet!

Here by a mountain's side, a reverend cave
Gives murmuring passage to a lasting wave:
'Tis the world's watery hour-glass streaming fast,
Time is no more when th' utmost drop is past;
Here, on a better day, some druid dwelt,
And the young Muse's early favour felt;
Druid, a name she does with pride repeat,
Confessing Albion once her darling seat;
Far in this primitive cell might we pursue
Our predecessors' footsteps still in view;
Here would we sing—But, ah! you think I dream,
And the bad world may well believe the same;
Yes: you are all malicious standers by,
While two fond lovers prate, the Muse and I.

Since thus I wander from my first intent,
Nor am that grave adviser which I meant,
Take this short lesson from the god of bays,

[1] This alludes to Sir William Temple, to whom he gives the name of Apollo in a few lines after.---*S.*

And let my friend apply it as he please :
Beat not the dirty paths where vulgar feet have trod,
But give the vigorous fancy room.
For when, like stupid alchymists, you try
To fix this nimble god,
This volatile mercury,
The subtile spirit all flies up in fume ;
Nor shall the bubbled virtuoso find
More than a fade insipid mixture left behind.[1]
While thus I write, vast shoals of critics come,
And on my verse pronounce their saucy doom ;
The Muse like some bright country virgin shows
Fallen by mishap among a knot of beaux ;
They, in their lewd and fashionable prate,
Rally her dress, her language, and her gait ;
Spend their base coin before the bashful maid,
Current like copper, and as often paid :
She, who on shady banks has joy'd to sleep
Near better animals, her father's sheep,
Shamed and amazed, beholds the chattering throng,
To think what cattle she is got among ;
But with the odious smell and sight annoy'd,
In haste she does th' offensive herd avoid.
'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell,
The muse retreats far in yon crystal cell ;
Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,
Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.

[1] Out of an Ode I writ, inscribed "The Poet." The rest of it is lost.---*Swift*.

In this descending sheet you'll haply find
Some short refreshment for your weary mind,
Nought it contains is common or unclean,
And once drawn up, is ne'er let down again.

OCCASIONED BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LATE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1693.

STRANGE to conceive, how the same objects strike
At distant hours the mind with forms so like!
Whether in time, Deduction's broken chain
Meets, and salutes her sister link again;
Or haunted Fancy, by a circling flight,
Comes back with joy to its own seat at night;
Or whether dead Imagination's ghost
Oft hovers where alive it haunted most;
Or if Thought's rolling globe, her circle run,
Turns up old objects to the soul her sun;
Or loves the Muse to walk with conscious pride
O'er the glad scene whence first she rose a bride:
Be what it will; late near yon whispering stream,
Where her own Temple was her darling theme;
There first the visionary sound was heard,
When to poetic view the Muse appear'd.
Such seem'd her eyes, as when an evening ray
Gives glad farewell to a tempestuous day;

Weak is the beam to dry up Nature's tears,
Still every tree the pendent sorrow wears;
Such are the smiles where drops of crystal show
Approaching joy at strife with parting woe.
As when, to scare th' ungrateful or the proud,
Tempests long frown, and thunder threatens loud,
Till the blest sun, to give kind dawn of grace,
Darts weeping beams across Heaven's watery face;
When soon the peaceful bow unstring'd is shown,
A sign God's dart is shot, and wrath o'erblown:
Such to unhallow'd sight the Muse divine
Might seem, when first she raised her eyes to mine.
What mortal change does in thy face appear,
Lost youth, she cried, since first I met thee here!
With how undecent clouds are overcast
Thy looks, when every cause of grief is past!
Unworthy the glad tidings which I bring,
Listen while the Muse thus teaches thee to sing:
As parent earth, burst by imprison'd winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the atheist's knees; such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear;
Mild Dorothea,[1] peaceful, wise, and great,
Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long

[1] Sister to Sir William Temple.---*S.* Lady Gifford, a woman of great spirit and talents, who accompanied her brother on all his embassies. Swift afterwards quarrelled with her irreconcilably, as appears from many passages in his Journal.---*Scott.*

Not dared to injure with our lowly song;
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by zeal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age;
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind.

You that would grief describe, come here and trace
Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face:[1]
Grief from Dorinda's face does ne'er depart
Farther than its own palace in her heart:
Ah, since our fears are fled, this insolent expel,
At least confine the tyrant to his cell.
And if so black the cloud that Heaven's bright queen
Shrouds her still beams; how should the stars be seen?
Thus when Dorinda wept, joy every face forsook,
And grief flung sables on each menial look;
The humble tribe mourn'd for the quick'ning soul,
That furnish'd spirit and motion through the whole;
So would earth's face turn pale, and life decay,
Should Heaven suspend to act but for a day;
So nature's crazed convulsions make us dread
That time is sick, or the world's mind is dead.—
Take, youth, these thoughts, large matter to employ
The fancy furnish'd by returning joy;
And to mistaken man these truths rehearse,
Who dare revile the integrity of verse:

[1] Lady Temple, who is described as a very extraordinary and accomplished woman.---*Scott*.

Ah, favourite youth, how happy is thy lot!——
But I'm deceived, or thou regard'st me not;
Speak, for I wait thy answer, and expect
Thy just submission for this bold neglect.
  Unknown the forms we the high-priesthood use
At the divine appearance of the Muse,
Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
And tell the irreligion of my grief;
Grief that excused the tribute of my knees,
And shaped my passion in such words as these!
  Malignant goddess! bane to my repose,
Thou universal cause of all my woes;
Say whence it comes that thou art grown of late
A poor amusement for my scorn and hate;
The malice thou inspirest I never fail
On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail;
Fool's commonplace thou art, their weak ensconcing fort,
Th' appeal of dulness in the last resort:
Heaven, with a parent's eye regarding earth,
Deals out to man the planet of his birth:
But sees thy meteor blaze about me shine,
And passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine:
Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own,
But a wild form dependent on the brain,
Scattering loose features o'er the optic vein;
Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
Which darts on poets' eyes a trembling light;
Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly flies,

Like antic shapes in dreams, from waking eyes:
In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name,
A walking vapour, like thy sister fame.
But if thou be'st what thy mad votaries prate,
A female power, loose govern'd thoughts create;
Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou
stay,
So highly courted by the brisk and gay?
Wert thou right woman, thou should'st scorn to look
On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook;
Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
Assign'd for life to unremitting grief;
For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days,
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays.
Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find;
Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly born
With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn;
Which bow'd by evening breeze with bending stalks,
Salutes the weary traveller as he walks;
But o'er the afflicted with a heavy pace
Sweeps the broad scythe, and tramples on his face.
Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shows
Nature's bare visage furrow'd as he mows:
See, Muse, what havoc in these looks appear,
These are the tyrant's trophies of a year;
Since hope his last and greatest foe is fled,
Despair and he lodge ever in its stead;

March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
Still scattering desolation where they go.
To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise,
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great:
"Stoop not to interest, flattery, or deceit;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid;
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale;
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem—"
Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds.—
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy visionary power;
And since thy essence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1698.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Exposed to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear charming saint;"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
To think that your brains' issue is
Exposed to th' excrement of his,
In power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.

Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION, 1699.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,[1]
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly showeth, that I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's[2] chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold;
So because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.

[1] The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.—*H.*
[2] Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germain.—*H.*

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would
have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it
slipp'd;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my
lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe
as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel
very light;
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord!
I thought I should have sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do?"—
"Indeed," says I, "never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done
with my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out
of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in Lady Betty's chamber,
that's a plain case."
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up
warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might
do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very
well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a
wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that I went and
search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's[1] box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle,[2] and he fell a swearing:
Then my dame Wadger[3] came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have had?"
"Nay," says she, "my Lord Colway's[4] folks are all very sad;
For my Lord Dromedary[5] comes a Tuesday without fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."
Says Cary,[6] says he, "I have been a servant this five and twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I lived I never heard of such a thing."
"Yes," says the steward,[7] "I remember when I was at my Lord Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *gooseberries*."

[1] Wife to one of the footmen.—*H.*
[2] The Earl of Berkeley's valet.—*H.*
[3] The old deaf housekeeper.—*H.*
[4] Galway.—*H.*
[5] The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to succeed the two earls, then lords justices of Ireland.
[6] Clerk of the kitchen.—*H.*
[7] Ferris; whom the poet terms in his Journal a scoundrel dog.—*Scott.*

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:
(Now, you must know, of all things in the world I hate a thief:)
However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slily about:
"Mrs. Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happened out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;[1]
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and everybody understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."
"The *devil* take me!" said she, (blessing herself,) "if ever I saw't!"
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So, you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:

[1] A usual saying of hers. *H.*

"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN[1] will be here anon."
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"*Parson*," said I, "can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?"
(Now you must know, he hates to be called *Parson*, like the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says,[2] d'ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a Parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,

[1] Swift.—*H.*
[2] Dr. Bolton, one of the chaplains.—*Faulkner.*

"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. "Lord!" said I, "what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too!"
Then my lord call'd me: "Harry,"[1] said my lord, "don't cry;
I'll give you something toward thy loss:" "And," says my lady, "so will I."
Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the Chaplain won't come to?
For that, he said (an't please your Excellencies), I must petition you.
The premises tenderly considered, I desire your Excellencies' protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies' letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the Chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*,) as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*.

[1] A cant word of Lord and Lady Berkeley to Mrs. Harris.—*H.*

A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

WRITTEN AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN,
1699.

My Lord,[1] to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the doctor out.

But then his honour cried, Gadzooks!
And seem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But he thinks upon Jack How.[2]

My lady, though she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedged in corner of a chair,
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
For pair royals and sequents;
But, wisely cautious of her pence,
The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries,[3] fairly putting cases,
I'd won it, on my word,

[1] The Earl of Berkeley.—*H.*
[2] Paymaster to the army.—*H.*
[3] Mrs. Frances Harris, the heroine of the preceding poem.

If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new dye the lining.

"With these is Parson Swift,[1]
Not knowing how to spend his time,
Does make a wretched shift,
To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD,

TO THE TUNE OF THE CUT-PURSE.[2]

WRITTEN IN AUGUST 1702.

I.

Once on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would need show his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to 't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in;

[1] Written by Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Lady Betty Germain. See the next poem.—*Scott.*

[2] Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza, which gave occasion to this ballad, written

Then all in the place
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.
CHO. Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement;
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite;
That he came through the keyhole, or in at the casement;
And it needs must be one that could both read and write;
Yet he did not know,
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below;
Howe'er, it was civil, in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
CHO. Let censuring, &c.

by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.—*Swift*.

The *Cut-Purse* is a ballad sung by Nightingale, the ballad-singer, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. The tune seems to have been very popular, and the words the subject of many parodies. See one upon an adventure of Jonathan Wild, in Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Vol. XIII.—*Scott*.

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand;
He had mixt little wit with a great deal of pains,
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. Let censuring, &c.

THE DISCOVERY.

When wise Lord Berkeley first came here,[1]
Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out slipt a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush[2] with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister;

[1] To Ireland, as one of the lords justices.—*H.*

[2] Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the post of secretary, which had been promised to Swift.—*H.*

And who in all profound affairs,
Is held as needful as his clyster.[1]
With head reclining on his shoulder,
He deals and hears mysterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Asks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their distance due,
He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my lord and Bush
Whispering in junto most profound,
Like good King Phyz and good King Ush,[2]
While all the rest stood gaping round.
At length a spark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanced on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand dispute;
To learn what Northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;
For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
Disguised in two old threadbare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;

[1] Always taken before my lord went to council.—*H.*
[2] See "The Rehearsal."—*H.*

Puts this to's excellency's snout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord seems pleased, but still directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
Our listener stood awhile confused,
But gathering spirits, wisely ran for't,
Enraged to see the world abused,
By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM,

"THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS WHEN HE IS IN LOVE."

Did ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female sex?
So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
The ladies vow and swear, they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it.

But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws;
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weasel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—.
Beside all this, deep scholars know,
That the main string of Cupid's bow,
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t—;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel a hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-string at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then,
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent,
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—
Watching the first unsavoury wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.
My lord, on fire amid the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the speaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart.

For, as when we a gun discharge,
Although the bore be ne'er so large,
Before the flame from muzzle burst,
Just at the breech it flashes first;
So from my lord his passion broke,
He f—d first, and then he spoke.
The ladies vanish in the smother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.
You smell the stink! by G—d, you lie,
Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear;
Let's not fall out; we all had share;
And, by the most I can discover,
My lord's a universal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER,[1]
1705.

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar;*
As pies and daws are often styled
With Christian nicknames, like a child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an ape,

[1] From Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67, lib. xxix. c. 4.

Without offence to human shape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would best their nature suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were heroes' titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To show their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by *fame*,
Besides the getting of a *name?*
But, e'er since men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For something that will conquer *fire*.
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump?*
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are these too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a *Salamander*.
'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers by.
First, then, our author has defined
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then

Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has raised a storm,
I've seen a snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene,
Then shrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then, look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!"
Further, we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spews a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or love, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.
So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Carleton cheap, or famed Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcass to pursue,

As from the Salàmander's spew;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.
"Then I'll appeal to each bystander,
If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

Prom Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day's arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strewn,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH[1] heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?[2]
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel:
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So-tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

[1] The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.---*N.*

[2] *i. e.* Differing in religion and law.

TO MRS. BIDDY FLOYD;

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY,[1] 1708.

When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
Of nice coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and the best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition Floyd.

THE REVERSE

(TO SWIFT'S VERSES ON BIDDY FLOYD);

OR, MRS. CLUDD.

Venus one day, as story goes,
But for what reason no man knows,
In sullen mood and grave deport,
Trudged it away to Jove's high court;

[1] An elegant Latin version of this "Receipt" is printed in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.—*Scott.*

And there his Godship did entreat
To look out for his best receipt:
And make a monster strange and odd,
Abhorr'd by man and every god.
Jove, ever kind to all the fair,
Nor e'er refused a lady's prayer,
Straight oped 'scrutoire, and forth he took
A neatly bound and well-gilt book;
Sure sign that nothing enter'd there,
But what was very choice and rare.
Scarce had he turn'd a page or two,—
It might be more, for aught I knew;
But, be the matter more or less,
'Mong friends 'twill break no squares, I guess.
Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
Here's one will fit you to a T.
But, as the writing doth prescribe,
'Tis fit the ingredients we provide.
Away he went, and search'd the stews,
And every street about the Mews;
Diseases, impudence, and lies,
Are found and brought him in a trice.
From Hackney then he did provide,
A clumsy air and awkward pride;
From lady's toilet next he brought
Noise, scandal, and malicious thought.
These Jove put in an old close-stool,
And with them mix'd the vain, the fool.
But now came on his greatest care,
Of what he should his paste prepare;

For common clay or finer mould
Was much too good, such stuff to hold.
At last he wisely thought on mud;
So raised it up, and call'd it—*Cludd.*
With this, the lady well content,
Low curtsey'd, and away she went.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH,[1] UNDER HER NAME OF ARDELIA.

Phœbus, now shortening every shade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenced his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

[1] Afterwards Countess of Winchelsea.---*Scott.*

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolved upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
"Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow obliged, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her prayer:
He waved his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
But made his leg and went away.

He hoped to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power:
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
"Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part.

"Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name!

"Of modest poets be thou first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

"And last, my vengeance to complete,
May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!"

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT 1703.

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power;
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now Poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song.
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observed they grew a numerous race;

And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil, therefore, to prevent,
He wisely changed their element:
On earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the Wits the spacious air,
With license to build castles there:
And 'tis conceived their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say;
Sing, Muse, the house of Poet Van,
In higher strains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a Herald[1] and a Poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As Herald, he can in a day
Repair a house gone to decay;
Or, by achievements, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
"Great Jove!" he cried, "the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!

[1] Sir John Vanbrugh at that time held the office of Clarencieux king of arms.—*Scott.*

No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies."
Jove smiled, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolved to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;[1]
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, "a *bite*."
Then, from this motley mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest;
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
Why then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.

[1] Several of Vanbrugh's plays are taken from Molière.---*Scott.*

He spake, and grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienced bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second hand,)
Now move, and now in order stand.
  The building, as the Poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit—
And first the prologue built a wall;
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene, a wood, produced no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanced, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place, not decent here to name.
  Now, Poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van;
Looked high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.
One asks the watermen hard by,
"Where may the Poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie.

Thither in haste the Poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:
"Thrice happy Poet! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail:
Or harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contrived, though thou art small:
For every Wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as Poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame:
But neither bulk nor shape the same;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile;
So chemists boast they have a power,
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own."

THE

HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

1708.

When Mother Cludd had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:
He view'd the edifice, and smiled,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observed them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admired, and took
The model in his table-book:
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolved a house to build:
A real house, with rooms and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;

Taller than Miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of play or cards:
And so he did; for, in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building famed, and justly reckon'd,
At court, Vitruvius the Second:[1]
No wonder, since wise authors show,
That best foundations must be low:
And now the duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But raillery at once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mouse-trap man chief engineer.

[1] Sir John Vanbrugh held the office of comptroller-general of his majesty's works.—*Scott.*

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1706. IMITATED FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;

Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what was wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What ar't!"
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adhered;

And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,[1]
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.[2]
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep

[1] Probably Molly Ambree, upon whose warlike exploits in Flanders a popular ballad was composed. It is preserved in the Reliques of English Poetry, Vol. II.—*Scott.*

[2] The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.—*H.*

By lodging folks disposed to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smoked his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"
Found his head fill'd with many a system;

But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edged with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin, flounced with lace.
"Plain Goody" would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes.
Amazed to see her look so prim,
And she admired as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life,
Were several years this man and wife:
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"—
"Sprout;" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."
Description would but tire my Muse,
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green

Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A GRUB-STREET ELEGY.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE THE ALMANACK MAKER. 1708.

Well; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he died,
Ere he could prove the good 'squire lied.
Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky;
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!

No comet with a flaming beard !
The sun has rose and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead ;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies ;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' Equator,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling[1] and astrology ;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes ;
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them ;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays ;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planet's science.

Besides, that slow-paced sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis ;
But Partridge ended all disputes ;
He knew his trade, and call'd it *boots*.[2]

The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,

[1] Partridge was a cobbler.---*Swift*.

[2] See his Almanack.---*Swift*.

Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refiner in barometry,)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacks or shoes.

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side:

One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in Hell.
Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by pissing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Enclosed artificers to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dried;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and sit[1] astride,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the Signs will be Thirteen.

[1] "Tibi brachia contrahit ingens Scorpius," &c.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes;
And you that did your fortune's seek,
Step to his grave but once a-week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

1709.

SEVEN and ten, addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne,
Tamys river twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetying shoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich understonde,
From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chyftan,[1] woe the morne,
To Fraunce, that evere he was born.

[1] Duke of Marlborough.---*H.*

Then shall the fyshe[2] beweyle his bosse:
Nor shall grin Berrys[3] make up the losse.
Young Symnele[4] shall again miscarye;
And Norway's pryd[5] again shall marrye.
And from the tree where blosums feele,
Ripe fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Reaums shall daunce honde in honde,[6]
And it shall be merrye in olde Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.
Geryon[7] shall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburghe[8] makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1709, AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door

[2] The Dauphin.---*H.*
[3] Duke of Berry.---*H.*
[4] The young Pretender.---*H.*
[5] Queen Anne.---*H.*
[6] By the Union.---*H.*
[7] A king of Spain, slain by Hercules.---*H.*
[8] The Archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family.---*H.*

Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.[1]
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.
WRITTEN IN OCT. 1710; AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.

Careful observers may foretell the hour,
(By sure prognostics,) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.

[1] To find old nails.---*Faulkner.*

If you be wise, then, go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffeehouse is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.[1]
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
[2]Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,

[1] "'Twas doubtful which was sea and which was sky."
Garth's Dispensary.

[2] Originally thus, but altered when Pope published the "Miscellanies:"

"His only coat, where dust confused with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain."
Scott.

Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,[1]
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quaked for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odour, seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.

[1] Written in the first year of the Earl of Oxford's ministry.---*Scott.*

They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweeping from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK.

1710.

Whoever pleases to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow, Poet Joe,[1]
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast,
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground:
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.

[1] Mr. Beaumont of Trim, remarkable, though not a very old man, for venerable white locks.---*Scott*.

This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the churchyard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.[1]
The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out:
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton[2] took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson[3] gave her verdict,

[1] Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.---*F.*
[2] Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.---*F.*
[3] Stella.

And every one was pleased that heard it;
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond[1] guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy,[2] I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

[1] Minister of Trim.---*F.*
[2] The waiting-woman.---*F.*

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.[1]

(FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.)

Scene, the Royal Exchange.

CORYDON.

Now the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frost can pinch no more,
While other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold, their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS.

Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's Inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,

[1] Swift and Pope delighted to ridicule Philips' Pastorals, and wrote several parodies upon them, the fame of which has been eclipsed by Gay's Shepherd's Week.---*Scott.*

Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (O, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

CORYDON.

When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road:
Fleet Street, transform'd, become a flowery green,
And mass be sung where operas are seen.
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing, this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's, that play off his plum.

PHILLIS.

But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My livelong hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Exposed in vain my glossy ribbons shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round, and when my profit's known,
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

CORYDON.

Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distrest,
Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best;

As fruitmen's stalls the summer market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Plumcake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that: so Phillis does appear
In playhouse and in Park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHILLIS.

And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amid her toys, affects a saucy air,
And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

CORYDON.

She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHILLIS.

With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain;
'Tis now no secret; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before:
A second babe at Wapping must be placed,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

CORYDON.

What I could raise I sent; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHILLIS.

I sent a frock and pair of shoes before

CORYDON.

However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight,
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall, and bars resound;
Each ready sempstress slips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

L. B. W. H. J. S. S. T.

A CONFERENCE

BETWEEN SIR HARRY PIERCE'S CHARIOT, AND MRS. D. STOPFORD'S CHAIR.[1]

CHARIOT.

My pretty dear Cuz, tho' I've roved the town o'er,
To dispatch in an hour some visits a score;
Though, since first on the wheels, I've been every day

[1] The lady was Miss Dorothy Stopford, afterwards Countess of Meath, and termed by Swift, in his Journal to Stella, "that owl Doll, Countess of Meath." She married General Gorges on the death of Lord Meath; and as her second husband and she died within a few days of each other, the circumstance occasioned a second satirical effusion, entitled Dicky and Dolly.---*Scott.*

At the 'Change, at a raffling at church, or a play;
And the fops of the town are pleased with the notion
Of calling your slave the perpetual motion;—
Though oft at your door I have whined [out] my love
As my Knight does grin his at your Lady above;
Yet ne'er before this, though I used all my care,
I e'er was so happy to meet my dear Chair;
And since we're so near, like birds of a feather,
Let's e'en, as they say, set our horses together.

CHAIR.

By your awkward address, you're that thing which should carry,
With one footman behind, our lover Sir Harry.
By your language, I judge, you think me a wench;
He that makes love to me, must make it in French.
Thou that's drawn by two beasts, and carry'st a brute,
Can'st thou vainly e'er hope, I'll answer thy suit?
Though sometimes you pretend to appear with your six,
No regard to their colour, their sexes you mix:
Then on the grand-paw you'd look very great,
With your new-fashion'd glasses, and nasty old seat.
Thus a beau I have seen strut with a cock'd hat,
And newly rigg'd out, with a dirty cravat.
You may think that you make a figure most shining,
But it's plain that you have an old cloak for a lining.
Are those double-gilt nails? Where's the lustre of Kerry,

To set off the Knight, and to finish the Jerry?
If you hope I'll be kind, you must tell me what's due
In George's-lane for you, ere I'll buckle to.

CHARIOT.

Why, how now, Doll Diamond, you're very alert;
Is it your French breeding has made you so pert?
Because I was civil, here's a stir with a pox:
Who is it that values your —— or your fox?
Sure 'tis to her honour, he ever should bed
His bloody red hand to her bloody red head.
You're proud of your gilding; but I tell you each nail
Is only just tinged with a rub at her tail;
And although it may pass for gold on a ninny,
Sure we know a Bath shilling soon from a guinea.
Nay, her foretop's a cheat; each morn she does black it,
Yet, ere it be night, it's the same with her placket.
I'll ne'er be run down any more with your cant;
Your velvet was wore before in a mant,
On the back of her mother; but now 'tis much duller,—
The fire she carries hath changed its colour.
Those creatures that draw me you never would mind,
If you'd but look on your own Pharaoh's lean kine;
They're taken for spectres, they're so meagre and spare,
Drawn damnably low by your sorrel mare.

We know how your lady was on you befriended;
You're not to be paid for 'till the lawsuit is ended:
But her bond it is good, he need not to doubt;
She is two or three years above being out.
Could my Knight be advised, he should ne'er spend his vigour
On one he can't hope of e'er making *bigger*.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR WILLIAM HANDCOCK AND THADY FITZPATRICK, IN THE DEVIL'S ANTICHAMBER.

THADY.

You're welcome, Sir William; by my shoul and salvation,
I rejoice for to see one from my own nation.
We have long wanted news; Was it growing wealthy
Has made all my brothers so damnable healthy?
When I think of their number, I look for them faster;
Sure they are not grown honest, and quitted their Master.
Come, never look squeamish, nor be out of order,
We're here on a level, good Master Recorder.
Let me know what has pass'd, and you'll find I'll be civil,
And speak a good word for you here to the Devil.

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh, thank you, dear Thady, and must own, for my part,
It's much more your goodness than it is my desert;
But, to speak for his fee, you know 'twas our calling;
Which because I could not, I then fell a-bawling.
I never stuck out to quote a false case:
And to back it, I e'er had an impudent face;
Or on my right hand I had always my brother,
To vouch, which we still did, the one for the other.
To be sure, to be rich was always my guide;
To take, when I could, a fee on each side.
All this you well know. But, pr'ythee, now tell
If I have any more acquaintance in hell.
Is not that Tullamore?[1]

THADY.

You see how he trudges
At the head of a shoal of unrighteous judges.
By oppression and cheating, by rapine and lust,
We shall in good time have the rest of the Trust.
But our master, the Devil, has solemnly swore,
Till they're out of commission, not to admit more.
If you speak me but fair, you shall not go far
To meet with your friends of the Bench or the Bar:

[1] John Moore, of Croghan, in the King's county; created in 1715, Baron Moore of Tullamore: in 1716, and again in Feb. 1722-3, appointed one of the Lords Commissioners for holding the great seal during the absence of Lord Chancellor Middleton.—*Barrett.*

Look at Reynolds, and Lyndon, and Whitshed, and
Keating,
The four rogues are all got together a-prating.

SIR WILLIAM.

Pr'ythee, where is fat Hely? I durst lay my life,
That he's got to heaven, by help of his wife.

THADY.

You'll ever be urging a reason that's faint;
If that would have done, we might each be a saint.
But what is become of Sir Toby and Stephen?
There's neither of them, I am sure, gone to heaven.
Does your brother as yet speak law in a cause;
And has Pauca left off making use of his claws?
Does the Bar from the Bench with patience still
pocket
The calling them rogue, and rascal, and blockhead?

SIR WILLIAM.

Faith, Thady, our Judges are grown very humble;
And one is suspicious he'll soon have a tumble.
The new ones they keep the old ones in awe,
And have taught them civility, prudence, and law.

THADY.

Pox take me, Sir William, why was not I asking,

[1] Probably Sir Theobald Butler, and Sir Stephen Rice. The latter was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.—*Barrett.*

All this time you've been here, for poor Clara Gascoyne ?
The woman that lay so long by my side ;—
But I show'd I forgot her before that I died.
I believe she's unmarried, for I think I took care
To leave her but little, and much to my heir.

SIR WILLIAM.

She still is thy widow, thou barbarous teague ;
Both living and dead, thou'st to her been a plague ;
It's not for that sin, that I am come here,
Having left all the wealth I had to my dear.

THADY.

That thou e'er wert a blockhead, you need not now own,
But this thy last action all others does crown ;
Thou scarce wert got hither, thou pitiful cully,
Before she had gotten a lusty young bully ;
I have of our Master a proverb to tell you ;
What's got o'er his back, is spent under his belly.

*** This Dialogue is ascribed to Swift. It must have been written about 1703 ; about which time Sir William Handcock, Recorder of Dublin, died, and was succeeded in that office by Mr. John Forster. Thady Fitzpatrick represented the town of Maryborough, in King James's Parliament.—*Barrett.*

TO LORD HARLEY, ON HIS MARRIAGE.[1]

OCTOBER 31, 1713.

Among the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquired and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew;
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light;

[1] Lord Harley married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, the daughter and sole heiress of John Duke of Newcastle. Bolingbroke malignantly called this match "the ultimate end of a certain administration." It was certainly the only advantage which the Earl of Oxford's family derived from his possession of ministerial power.—*Scott.*

They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancied every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain)
Madly aspired to wear her chain;
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupified them all to stocks.
The nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd;
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purified her mortal sight;

Show'd her the virtues all combined,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting skill and power to choose,
Their only pride is to refuse.
But, when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be bless'd.
Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first;
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

PHYLLIS;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716.

Desponding Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were placed,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head;
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the absolution loud:
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster man:
There practised how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling.
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer feed,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!

Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame;
Because her father used to say,
The girl had such a bashful way!
  Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
  See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.
  Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
"To my much honour'd father—these—"
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows,)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others used in the like cases.
"That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her;
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree.
It was her fate, must be forgiven;

For marriages were made in Heaven:
His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
She'd do't if 'twere to do again:
Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin;
For John was come of honest kin.
Love never thinks of rich and poor;
She'd beg with John from door to door.
Forgive her, if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time.
She ne'er before in all her life
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife."
One argument she summ'd up all in,
"The thing was done and past recalling;
And therefore hoped she should recover
His favour when his passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter."
Fair maidens all, attend the Muse,
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short;
The loving couple well bemired;
The horse and both the riders tired:
Their victuals bad, their lodgings worse;
Phyl cried! and John began to curse:
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
When first she ventured out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befell them,

The Muse has now no time to tell them;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her marriage vows,
In kindness to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
They keep, at Stains, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING. 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But never shall the Muse endure
To let your virtues lie obscure;
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady soul preserves her frame,

In good and evil times, the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud,
Stand in your sacred presence awed;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.
  Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want and not repine.
The man who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run;
That man is ready to defend,
With life, his country or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY, NOV. 10, 1718.[1]

To you whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Placed you in life too far behind:

[1] The Rev. Patrick Delany, an excellent and learned divine, had been greatly patronized by Sir Constantine Phipps, who was chancellor of Ireland under Harley's administration.—*Scott.*

Or, what I should repine at more,
Placed me in life too far before:
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose;
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
  Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceived, though not defined;
For, sure by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight,
Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd;
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
  Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel;
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:

He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire where he most commends.
But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refined,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;
To show their parts will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club.
I mean your butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed!
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh,
As rudeness is to repartee.
If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke;

Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If named with scorn, gives just offence.
What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost:
And half the company is teazed
That came together to be pleased:
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.
You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light;
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend[1] of yours and mine;
Who neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.
When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame;
For though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.
You must, although the point be nice,

[1] Dr. Sheridan.—*H.*

Bestow your friend some good advice;
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him like you observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose.[1]
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.
If he be guilty, you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

AN ELEGY[2]

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER; WHO DIED ON THE 6TH OF JULY, 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound

[1] Which was afterwards the subject of several poems by Dr. Swift and others.—*H.*

[2] The subject was John Demar, a great merchant in Dublin, who died 6th July, 1720. Swift, with some of

Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow, to bury him, one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He dined and supp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refused his pelf,
He used them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal, the Irish nation
Were forced to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
Oh London Tavern![1] thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;

his usual party, happened to be in Mr. Sheridan's, in Capel Street, when the news of Demar's death was brought to them; and the elegy was the joint composition of the company.—*C. Walker.*

[1] A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.—*F.*

The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
" [1] But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And, as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

[1] These four lines were written by Stella.—*F.*

TO MRS. HOUGHTON

OF BOURMONT, ON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE DEANERY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

Are the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the Fates have decreed they by halves should be treated.
In the days of good John,[1] if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine.
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.

[1] Dr. Sterne, the predecessor of Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's, and afterward Bishop of Clogher, was distinguished for his hospitality.—*F.*

O Jove! then how fully might all sides be blest,
Wouldst thou but agree to this humble request!
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much
trouble,
Instead of the deans, make the deanery double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW.[1]

A BARD, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t' acknowledge the bounty he owed,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
To the God he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd
chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour bear most of th'
expense;
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to
treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

[1] Written by Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella, as appears from the verses which follow.—*Scott.*

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 1720.[1]

RIGHT trusty, and so forth—we let you to know
We are very ill used by you mortals below.
For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold;
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
That, since I was born, I hardly have spied it.
Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief, [beef:
Without whom they could get neither claret nor
Yet their wine and their victuals, those curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the College,
Whom, if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em.
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,

[1] Written by Swift, in reply to the verses on the windows.—*Scott.*

And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of my mere motion, and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth, seditiously came,
With a certain false trait'ress, one Stella by name,
To the Deanery-house, and on the north glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traitorously write,
While Stella, aforesaid, stood by with a light.
My sister has lately deposed upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with [grey:
And by the description, I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued,
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never yet went:
That the letters appear'd reversed through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were placed right again;
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess'd that the fancy was mine.

She can swear to the person, whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown,
The reason is plain, they are none of his own;
And observe while you live that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly steal it,
And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear they are all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcribed it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
Thro' the zodiac around, it shall quickly be spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual:
But the secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you as my friend:
I studied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolved the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,

(For I think in my conscience he deals with old Nick,)
And from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics,
There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;
And you, like a booby, the bubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd;
So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now whereas the said criminal seems past repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the sentence.
Since Delany has dared, like Prometheus his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture in shape of the spleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me:
And under the pain of our highest displeasure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much avenged already by time.
In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases.
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives till she's grey as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

BY DR. DELANY.

OCCASIONED BY "APOLLO TO THE DEAN."

1720.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-seventh.
The poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Convened by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declared that no bard should this honour inherit,
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit:
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believed he'd a right to the place;
So, finding the assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaeton's fate:
'Twas urged to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels compose;
Till at length he determined that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.
First, one who believed he excell'd in translation,[1]
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's transmigration:
"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
I hope the convention will quickly agree."—
"Agree;" quoth Apollo: "from whence is this fool?

[1] Dr. Trapp.---*Scott.*

Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at school?
Begone, sir, you've got your subscriptions in time,
And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."
To the next says the God, "Though now I won't
choose you,
I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
Love's Goddess has oft to her parents complain'd,
Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;
That at my instigation, a poem you writ,
Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment and
wit;
That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the first voice,
Inspiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
Jove sent her to me, her power to try;
The Goddess of Beauty what God can deny?
She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
Appease the fair Goddess: you then may rise
higher."
The next[1] that appear'd had good hopes of suc-
ceeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they
owe him.
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward:
The God, with a smile, bade his favourite advance,
"You were sent by Astræa her envoy to France:

[1] Mr. Prior.---*N.*

You bend your ambition to rise in the state;
I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."
Then a bard who had been a successful translator,[1]
"The convention allows me a versificator."
Says Apollo, "You mention the least of your merit;
By your works, it appears you have much of my spirit.
I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
The greatest objection against you's your youth;
Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
If you live you shall certainly one day preside."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
"'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the streets."[2]
"You taught them to walk! why, they knew it before;
But give me the bard that can teach them to soar.
Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,
Who lately attempted my style with success;
Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit:
Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit;
Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
But excels even Virgil in elegant praise:
Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,

[1] Mr. Pope was probably here meant.---*N.*

[2] Mr. Gay; alluding to his "Trivia."---*N.*

Yet writes in a manner entirely new;
Though none with more ease their depths can explore,
Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store;
Though I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
In scorning to borrow from any but me:
It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."
This said, the whole audience soon found out his drift:
The convention was summon'd in favour of SWIFT.

APOLLO'S EDICT.

OCCASIONED BY "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS."

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there:
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspired her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor beaten paths be longer traced.
No simile shall be begun,
With rising or with setting sun;

And let the secret head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the chameleon spare;
And when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.[1]
No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd in the day,
Or ever name the milky-way.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's mantle is worn out.
The bird of Jove shall toil no more
To teach the humble wren to soar.
Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to true simplicity.
When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second-sight,
They shall not see a trail of light.
Nor shall the vapours upwards rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's hair?
Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
And must exalt him to the skies;

[1] See the Verses to Lord Cutts.—*Scott.*

Without a star this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.
If Anna's happy reign you praise,
Pray, not a word of halcyon days:
Nor let my votaries show their skill
In aping lines from Cooper's Hill;
For know I cannot bear to hear
The mimicry of deep, yet clear.
Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
Against the phœnix I protest.
When poets soar in youthful strains,
No Phaeton to hold the reins.
When you describe a lovely girl,
No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
However beauteous, for his mother;
Nor shall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Celia's eye.
With woman compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleased in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid what need they roam,
Whom fate has amply blest at home?
Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endued with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now destined by the powers divine
The blessing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless fame?

Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-eyed maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call;
Take qualities from Donegal.[1]

THE DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.[2]

TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH. 1720.

O'Rourke's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

[1] Lady Catherine Forbes, daughter of the first Earl of Granard, and second wife of Arthur third Earl of Donegal. —*Scott.*

[2] O'Rourke, a powerful chieftain of Ulster in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was induced to make a visit to the court of that sovereign; and, in order to take leave of his neighbours with becoming splendour, he assembled them in the great hall of his castle, which was situated in the county of Leitrim, and still exists as a ruin. He entertained his numerous guests with such a profusion of the rude hospitality of the period, that the memory of his feast long survived in tradition; the longer perhaps on account of the tragical fate of O'Rourke himself, who was put to death in England. Hugh Mac-Guaran, Esq. of Leitrim, a contemporary of the celebrated Carolan, composed, upon this traditionary foundation, the celebrated song of *Plearaca na Ruarcach.* The fame of the ditty having reached Dean Swift, he was supplied, at his own request, with a literal version, from which he executed the following very spirited translation.—*Scott.*

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
A hundred at least,
And a madder[1] our cup.

O there is the sport!
We rise with the light
In disorderly sort,
From snoring all night.

O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher,[2]
Why then fare them well,
The de'el take the searcher.

Come, harper, strike up;
But, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this hath some savour.

[1] A wooden vessel.—*F.*

[2] A covering of linen, worn on the heads of the women.—*F.*

O'Rourke's jolly boys
  Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, roused by the noise,
  And musical clatter,

They bounce from their nest,
  No longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest,
  Without one Ave-Mary.

They dance in a round,
  Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
  Did not burst with their stamping.

The floor is all wet
  With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
  Splish-splash in their pumps.

Bless you late and early,
  Laughlin O'Enagin![1]
But, my hand,[2] you dance rarely,
  Margery Grinagin.[3]

Bring straw for our bed,
  Shake it down to the feet,

[1] The name of an Irishman.—*F.*

[2] An Irish oath.—*F.*

[3] The name of an Irishwoman.—*F.*

Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.[1]

To show I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again:
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing, a Yean.[2]

Good lord! what a sight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer!

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least
The length of their skeans.[3]

What stabs and what cuts,
What clattering of sticks;
What strokes on the guts,
What bastings and kicks!

[1] The verse following was untranslated by Swift, and is thus rendered by Wilson:—

Here's to you, dear mother.
I thank you, dear Pat;
Pitch this down your throat.
I'm the better of that.

[2] Surname of an Irishwoman.—*F.*

[3] Daggers, or short swords.—*F.*

With cudgels of oak,
  Well harden'd in flame,
A hundred heads broke,
  A hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
  My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
  And Carrick Drumrusk:

The Earl of Kildare,
  And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
  I was nurst by their mother.[1]

Ask that of old madam:
  She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
  She knows it is true.

Come down with that beam,
  If cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam,
  Or a kick on the a—se.[2]

[1] It is the custom in Ireland to call nurses, foster-mothers; their husbands, foster-fathers; and their children, foster-brothers or foster-sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.---*F.*

[2] The six last verses were not translated by Swift, but have been rendered thus:

Who kick'd up this dust?
  Cried one of the clergy,

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
  Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
  Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

Bolting up like a post,
  Come be quiet, I charge ye.

He brought no holy water,
  The riot to charm;
But a switch, for the matter
  Scarce so thick as his arm.

While he deem'd them all quell'd,
  This churchman so able
By a back-stroke was fell'd,
  Like a log on the table.

Next up got a friar
  To appease these rude members;
But was pitched cross the fire
  With his breech on the embers.

While loudly he hollow'd,
  "Would you match with me,
Who my studies have follow'd
  At Rome beyond sea;

"While you thrumm'd old ballads,
  Sitting squat like a boor;
With potatoes for salads,
  In the bog of Shiemoor?"

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon,
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different site,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose:

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight, had changed their ground.

The black, which would not be confined,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex;
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and Lusitanian[1] dish.

Lóve with white lead cements his wings;
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

[1] Portugal.---*H.*

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere;
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your sister star;
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a form subsist;
And form, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if matter brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane:

While Partridge[1] wisely shows the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the milky way:

But Gadbury,[1] in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,

[1] Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.---*H.*

That swain Endymion is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed[1] can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shows her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can restore a nose,
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye powers who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supplied,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon!

[1] John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer-royal, died in 1719, aged 73.---*N.*

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool!
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
  But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise, and harder fare,
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
  Such is the poet fresh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play;
His morning draughts till noon can swill,
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?

Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pined,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Encumbrances of food and clothes;
And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper.
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-Street rings.

THE SOUTH-SEA PROJECT. 1721.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virûm, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
VIRG.

Ye wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim,
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim:

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight:
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds,
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round!
A coach-and-six, and served in plate!

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks

It must be some enchanted grove;
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led,
They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red Sea shore.

Raised up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
With wax the father bound them fast;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,
He melts the wax at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
  Why in that dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
  Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
  A flock of geese jump down together;
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
  And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
  Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
  Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
  And then get off with money stored;
But, if a sharper once comes in,
  He throws it all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
  The great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
  The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high, they come between,
  Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
  With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night,
  An ass was drinking at a stream,

A cloud arose, and stopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon,
Cries out a sage among the crowd;
An ass has swallow'd up the moon!
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shows the Queen of Love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand;
For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus, by directors we are told,
" Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and see how thick it lies:

" We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin."—
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

O! would those patriots be so kind,
Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the Southern seas,
Or view it through a jobber's bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,

The golden stars for guineas took,
And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood;
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold, upon this ocean spread,
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it:

There is a gulf, where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as Hell—
'Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

[1]"Now buried in the depth below,
Now mounted up to Heaven again,

[1] Psalm cvii.

They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men."

Meantime, secure on Garraway[1] cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For, where directors get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace roofs, and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!

[1] A coffee-house in 'Change Alley.---*H.*

The monsters nestle in the deep,
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to Hell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tamed another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet ruled when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor overbulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
Driven from the South Sea to the Red!

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the crowd!"

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possest)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

FABULA CANIS ET UMBRÆ.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et altè
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non simulacrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

A PROLOGUE.

BILLET TO A COMPANY OF PLAYERS.
SENT WITH THE PROLOGUE.

The enclosed prologue is formed upon the story of the secretary's not allowing you to act, unless you would pay him £300 per annum; upon which you got a license from the Lord Mayor to act as strollers.

The prologue supposes, that upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country strollers came and hired the playhouse, and your clothes, &c. to act in.

Our set of strollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
And, with a license from our good lord mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player:
Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
To speak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company supply their places,
And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.

Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were servants to the king;
We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.
Stay! let me see—Three hundred pounds a-year,
For leave to act in town!—'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here's a warrant; gallants, please to mark,
For three thirteens, and sixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
The public should bestow the actors six;
A score of guineas given underhand,
For a good word or so, we understand.
To help an honest lad that's out of place,
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
First get a license, then produce our ware;
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum:
Huzza! (the schoolboys roar) the players are come;

And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
I told him in the smoothest way I could,
All this, and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
And, as a stroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers, for your sakes;
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.
A pox on Elrington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last:
Then without fail we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversion miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

EPILOGUE[1]

TO MR. HOPPY'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT SMOCK-ALLEY.

Hold! hold, my good friends; for one moment,
pray stop ye,
I return ye my thanks, in the name of poor Hoppy.

[1] This piece, which relates, like the former, to the avaricious demands which the Irish secretary of state made

He's not the first person who never did write,
And yet has been fed by a benefit-night.
The custom is frequent, on my word I assure ye,
In our famed elder house, of the Hundreds of Drury.
But then you must know, those players still act on
Some very good reasons, for such benefaction.
A deceased poet's widow, if pretty, can't fail;
From Cibber she holds, as a tenant in tail.
Your emerited actors, and actresses too,
For what they have done (though no more they can do)
And sitters, and songsters, and Chetwood and G—,
And sometimes a poor sufferer in the South Sea;
A machine-man, a tire-woman, a mute, and a spright,
Have been all kept from starving by a benefit-night.
Thus, for Hoppy's bright merits, at length we have found
That he must have of us ninety-nine and one pound,
Paid to him clear money once every year:
And however some think it a little too dear,
Yet, for reasons of state, this sum we'll allow,
Though we pay the good man with the sweat of our brow.
First, because by the King to us he was sent,

upon the company of players, is said, in the collection called "Gulliveriana," to have been composed by Swift, and delivered by him at Gaulstown House. But it is more likely to have been written by some other among the joyous guests of the Lord Chief Baron, since it does not exhibit Swift's accuracy of numbers.---*Scott.*

To guide the whole session of this parliament.
To preside in our councils, both public and private,
And so learn, by the by, what both houses do drive at.
When bold B— roars, and meek M— raves,
When Ash prates by wholesale, or Be—h by halves,
When Whigs become Whims, or join with the Tories;
And to himself constant when a member no more is,
But changes his sides, and votes and unvotes;
As S—t is dull, and with S—d, who dotes;
Then up must get Hoppy, and with voice very low,
And with eloquent bow, the house he must show,
That that worthy member who spoke last must give
The freedom to him, humbly most, to conceive,
That his sentiment on this affair isn't right;
That he mightily wonders which way he came by't:
That, for his part, God knows, he does such things
disown;
And so, having convinced him, he most humbly
sits down.
For these, and more reasons, which perhaps you
may hear,
Pounds hundred this night, and one hundred this
year,
And so on we are forced, though we sweat out our
blood,
To make these walls pay for poor Hoppy's good;
To supply with rare diet his pot and his spit;
And with richest Margoux to wash down a tit-bit.
To wash oft his fine linen, so clean and so neat,
And to buy him much linen, to fence against sweat:

All which he deserves; for although all the day
He ofttimes is heavy, yet all night he's gay;
And if he rise early to watch for the state,
To keep up his spouts he'll sit up as late.
Thus, for these and more reasons, as before I did say,
Hop has got all the money for our acting this play,
Which makes us poor actors look *je ne sçai quoy*.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch,
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. SHERIDAN. SPOKEN BY MR. ELRINGTON. 1721.

GREAT cry, and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom;
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
Provoked, in loud complaints to you they cry;
Ladies, relieve the weavers; or they die!
Forsake your silks for stuffs; nor think it strange

To shift your clothes, since you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.
  See I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff,
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough;
My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
And if a man be better in such ware,
What great advantage must it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds;
Silks come from maggots, calicoes from weeds;
Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
Ladies in silks to vapours much inclined—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?
For which I think it reason to conclude,
That clothes may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes;
Although the lustre is from you begun,
We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.
  How sweet and innocent's the country maid,
With small expense in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her shepherd with delight she's seen!
Should our fair ladies dress like her, in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove!
While wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We'll all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE

TO A BENEFIT PLAY, GIVEN IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY THE DEAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay—let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his grace[1] a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
Item, The actors freely give a day—
The poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learn it not at sermons, or at prayers:
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We'll dress in manufactures made at home;
Equip our kings and generals at the Comb.[2]
We'll rig from Meath Street Egypt's haughty queen,
And Antony shall court her in ratteen.
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,

[1] Archbishop King.---*F.*

[2] A street famous for woollen manufactures.---*F.*

And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid,
In drugget drest, of thirteen pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fired with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolved this project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashion of the court.
O! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough:
But chintz, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see the play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us playhouse kings;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning:
And, next, observe how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are just as poor as wits:
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a-page;
But weavers will be kinder to the players,
And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit, than in the player's dressing.

ANSWER

TO DR. SHERIDAN'S PROLOGUE, AND TO DR. SWIFT'S EPILOGUE. IN BEHALF OF THE DISTRESSED WEAVERS. BY DR. DELANY.

Fœmineo generi tribuantur.

THE Muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away;
The pencil clothes the nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictured maids;
Far above mortal dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian Robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in concert rhyme, and huff
And fret these Muses with their playhouse stuff?
  The player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the belles and chintzes of the age:
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.
  The cotton plant, whom satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last;
Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injured plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
  Some bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a weaver,
Penn'd the low prologue to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,

Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such wool-gathering sonnetteers as these?
Hence, then, ye homespun witlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid.
Shall the wide hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a poplin gown?
Who'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under petticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so gay!
And shall not miss be flower'd as well as they?
In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chintz diamonds with the silken thread,
Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they'd have your milky ticking full:
And all this for the benefit of wool!
"But where," say they, "shall we bestow these weavers,
That spread our streets, and are such piteous cravers?"
The silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care, to make their webs complete:
These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay too much for what they give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.

BY DR. DELANY.

'Tis so old and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain in't;
'Tis so large, you may lodge a few friends with ease in't,
You may turn and stretch at your length if you please in't;
'Tis so little, the family live in a press in't,
And poor Lady Betty[1] has scarce room to dress in't;
'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in't,
And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in't;
'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the weight of a tun,
Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun;
'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite through it,
And you're forced every year in some part to renew it;
'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
'Tis so staunch and so crazy, so strong and so brittle,
'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold,
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse—
I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

[1] Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochfort, Esq.---*F.*

THE COUNTRY LIFE.[1]

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN HOUSE, THE SEAT OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.

THALIA, tell, in sober lays,
How George,[2] Nim,[3] Dan,[4] Dean,[5] pass their days;
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse! First from our bowers
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious,
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten my lady comes, and hectors
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us, down to breakfast.

[1] Published in the Whitehall Journal, with a prefatory letter, in which the writer, with stupid malignity, represents a lively and humorous jeu d'esprit as a serious and ungrateful attack upon the hospitality of Gaulstown.

[2] Mr. Rochfort.---*F*

[3] His brother, Mr. John Rochfort, who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chase.---*F*.

[4] Rev. Daniel Jackson.---*F*.

[5] Dr. Swift.---*F*.

We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But by peculiar whimseys drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn:
O'ersees the work, or Dragon[1] rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling,
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end;
My lord[2] and Dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake;
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done;
With "Church and King" the ladies gone:
Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to doze away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hammond—
While George and Dean go to backgammon.

[1] A small boat so called.

[2] Mr. Rochfort's father was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.---*F.*

George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
And then, again, boys, to the oar.
But when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed,)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers and then to play,
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late---the old and younger pairs,
By Adam[1] lighted, walk up stairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls and all is done.
I might have mention'd several facts,
Like episodes between the acts;
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;

[1] The butler.---*F.*

How steady in the storm he sat,
And saved his oar, but lost his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he sets;
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their sex:
I might have told how oft Dean Perceval[1]
Displays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows:
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
But now there needs no more be said on't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shews all her secrets of housekeeping:
For candles how she trucks her dripping;
Was forced to send three miles for yeast,
To brew her ale, and raise her paste;
Tells everything that you can think of,
How she cured Charley of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were killed by weasels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;

[1] A friend of the Lord Chief Baron.---*Scott.*

And tell how little weight he sets
On all Whig papers and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,[1]
Thinks every syllable is true:
And since he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the czar;
"Why, Muscovy is not so far;
Down the Black Sea, and up the Straits,
And in a month he's at your gates;
Perhaps from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things."
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tamed, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arrived Clem[2] and his wife—
This grand event has broke our measures;
Their reign began with cruel seizures;
The Dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie;
Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
(My lady says, she can't afford one,)

[1] A Tory news-writer.---*F.*

[2] Mr. Clement Barry, called, in the notes appended to "Gulliveriana," chief favourite and governor of Gaulstown.---*Scott.*

George is half scared out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsyturvy;
They talk of farther alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

1722.

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphans' tears,

Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.[1]

Would you that Delville I describe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:

[1] This was not Swift's, but written by Dr. Sheridan. *Sheridan.*

Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.
Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek:
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk
No longer than a tailor's chalk;

Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself.
This enraged god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant?
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser!
Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn by the Styx, to defeat his design;
For wherever he lives, the Muses shall reign;
And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES.

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. SCRIPSIT JUN. ANN. DOM. 1723.

Ecce ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.
  Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.
  Sed, cum sævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicus sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,

Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.
  Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt.
  Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS.

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amid the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
Prone on the wave the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound:
The dreadful murmur Heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves:
For, long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush Earth's rebel sons beneath the load.

Oft too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Presents an orifice on either side.
A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.
But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy steep without control,
Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride and blasts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the shocks
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
Now, pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.
The goats, while, pendent from the mountain top,
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.[1]

Come, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And, whispering, charged me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to spoil,
By calling this your native soil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if these topics shall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners must give place to profit.
The nymphs, with whom you first began,
Are each become a harridan;

[1] Dr. Swift had been used to celebrate the birth-day of his friend Charles Ford, Esq. which was on the first day of January. See also the poem, "Stella at Wood Park."—Dr. Delany mentions also, among the Dean's intimate friends, "Matthew Ford, Esq. a man of family and fortune, a fine gentleman, and the best lay scholar of his time and nation."—*Nichols.*

And Montague so far decay'd,
Her lovers now must all be paid;
And every belle that since arose,
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the night,
Of rheumatism and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your person and your cause,
If once they get you on the spot,
You must be guilty of the plot;
For, true or false, they'll ne'er inquire,
But use you ten times worse than Prior.
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your passion raise
Worse than a pun, or Irish phrase)
To see a scoundrel strut and hector,
A foot-boy to some rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Observe where bloody ***** stands
With torturing engines in his hands,
Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleasing scene,
To London straight return again;

Where, you have told us from experience,
Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.
I thought my very spleen would burst,
When fortune hither drove me first;
Was full as hard to please as you,
Nor persons' names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like prisoners when their gaol is broke.
If you have London still at heart,
We'll make a small one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's Park and Stephen's Green;
And Dawson Street will serve as well
To lead you thither as Pall Mall.
Nor want a passage through the palace,
To choke your sight, and raise your malice.
The Deanery-house may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatch'd.[1]
Nor shall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a-quart for stum.
Then for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vie with your Monthermer;[2]
She's now as handsome every bit,
And has a thousand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half supply a Gay and Pope.

[1] A famous tavern in St. James's Street.—*H.*

[2] Mary Duchess of Montague and Marchioness of Monthermer, youngest daughter of John Duke of Marlborough.—*H.*

Corbet,[1] though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin[2], and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
O! were but you and I so wise,
To see with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that spot of earth,
That literal spot which gave him birth;
And swears, "Belcamp[3] is, to his taste,
As fine as Hampton-court at least."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praise of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and submit;
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that side of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other isle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiss,

[1] Dr. Corbet, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's, on the death of Dr. Maturine, who succeeded Dr. Swift.

[2] Robert and John Grattan, and John and Daniel Jackson.—*H.*

[3] In Fingal, about five miles from Dublin.—*H.*

The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our side the channel
In linen; and on yours in flannel.[1]
You for the news are ne'er to seek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week;
You happy folks are sure to meet
A hundred whores in every street;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.
You see my arguments are strong,
I wonder you held out so long;
But, since you are convinced at last,
We'll pardon you for what has past.
So—let us now for whist prepare;
Twelve pence a corner, if you dare.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

Those dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

[1] The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in 1733.---*H.*

For when in bed we rest out weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise:
And Dick, the scavenger, with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT,

IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM WHEN HE WAS DEAF. 1724.

Dear Sir, I think, 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Must I not see, 'cause you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,—
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That if you heard, you'd be no gainer?
For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your business, sir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

The wise pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you shall find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has lost its brother,
You see the better with the other,
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb reacts.

But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be distant, as one head can bear,
Yet Galen most acutely shows you,
(Consult his book *de partium usu*)
That from each ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grandam always stuff her ears
Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard phenomenon.
'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good:
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have used their toes.[1]
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

[1] There have been instances of a man's writing with his foot.—*H.*

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW. 1724.

Nell scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cried bravely, "Patience, good my dear!"
At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
But hurried out and clapt the door.
Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will,) thy house is worse than Hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to seek peace, and ensue it.
Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Received a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my story short,

Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z---ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
I'd send her far enough away——
Dear Will; but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame.
Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believed him when he said it?
Can he, who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She served him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate:
And what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones:
Without, they pelted him with stones;
The 'prentices procured a riding,[1]

[1] A well-known humorous cavalcade, in ridicule of a scolding wife and hen-pecked husband.---*H.*

To act his patience and her chiding.
False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are used like Dick, and bear the blame.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE;[1]

WRITTEN AFTER THE NEWS OF THE KING'S DEATH.[2]

In spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say;
Sing on I must, and sing I will,
Of Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill.
Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For, by old proverbs, it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

[1] This poem was written when George II. succeeded his father, and bore the following explanatory introduction:---

"Richmond Lodge is a house with a small park belonging to the crown. It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the king. The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

"Marble Hill is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of

[2] George I., who died after a short sickness, by eating a melon, at Osnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727. The poem was carried to court, and read to King George II. and Queen Caroline.---*H.*

MARBLE HILL.

Quoth Marble Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen;
You'll find it soon by woful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promised me
To raise me to a high degree:
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find us true!

the bed-chamber, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the ice-house. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the above dialogue."

These verses were part of the flattery with which Swift and Pope were wont to assail Mrs. Howard, whose influence with George II. when Prince of Wales, they deemed omnipotent. It is, however, but justice to the memory of these distinguished men to say, that their adulation was not used for selfish ends, but for the benefit of their friend Gay; an end which may, in a certain degree, excuse the means.---*Scott.*

MARBLE HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.[1]
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn;
For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their masters' fall:
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICHMOND LODGE.

My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king;

[1] Many a true word, according to an ancient proverb, is spoken in jest. Swift was not aware how nearly he described the narrowed situation of Mrs. Howard's finances. Lord Orford, in a letter written shortly after her death, describes her affairs as so far from being easy, that the utmost economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably; and elsewhere informs us, in his Reminiscences, that, besides Marble Hill, which cost the king ten or twelve thousand pounds, she did not leave above twenty thousand pounds to her family.---*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. iv. p. 304, v. p. 456.

And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
To spunge a breakfast once a-week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.[1]
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:
While Lady Charlotte,[2] like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.

[1] This also proved a prophecy more true than the Dean suspected.---*Scott.*

[2] Lady Charlotte de Roussy, a French lady.---*H.*

A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont[2] at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm,
His hat, for show, beneath his arm.

MARBLE HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste:
Changed for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

[1] Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality, who had emigrated from his country, in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz.---*Scott*.

MARBLE HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody[1] for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a-week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness—and so adieu.

MARBLE HILL.

Kind Richmond Lodge, the same to you.

[1] The gardener.---*H.*

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Possession, and Desire, his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace;
'Tis said, their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about;
Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;

And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects, fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
  Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strew'd;
But overcharged, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
  Desire had now the goal in sight;
It was a tower of monstrous height;
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chasm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire, in rapture, gazed awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down!
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
  Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong.
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say!
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;

Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

1727.

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play, to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Has every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;

Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
  In choosing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
  If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rously her husband teaze,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious like a man.
  In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;

Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;[1]
She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, holla, boys; God save the King!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH,
GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,

[1] Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.—*F.*

And said, "Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he spied,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side!
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lie!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, I must speak to the people a little;
But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whittle.[1]
My honest friend Wild[2] (may he long hold his place)
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off, without prayer-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

Ye poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

[1] A cant word for confessing at the gallows.—*F.*

[2] The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.—*F.*

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing[1] Pope;
And when he sets to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

1727.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

[1] The original copy of Pope's celebrated translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves.

Awhile they on each other look,
  Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book;
  Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
  For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlined,
  Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck,
  All turns and motions tries;
Till in a lump together stuck,
  Behold a poem rise:

Yet to the Dean his share allot;
  He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
  Is *causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
  For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
  You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock,[1] thus, for preaching famed,
  The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
  Because he rang the bell.

[1] The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the Bishop.---*H.*

A LOVE POEM,

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

WRITTEN AT LONDON.

By poets we are well assured
That love, alas! can ne'er be cured;
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills.
Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound.
Now jealousy my grumbling tripes
Assaults with grating, grinding gripes.
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spew.
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I suck'd it all;
What colic pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in cavern pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hemorrhoids;
And loathsome worms my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival named,

I feel my body all inflamed;
Which, breaking out in boils and blains,
With yellow filth my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
Small-beer I guzzle till I burst;
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a dropsy, like a porpus;
When, if I cannot purge or stale,
I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

BOUTS RIMEZ.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

Our schoolmaster may roar i' th' fit,
Of classic beauty, *hæc et illa;*
Not all his birch inspires such wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champaign,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or sars'parilla.

At Goodman's Fields I've much admired
The postures strange of Monsieur Brilla;
But what are they to the soft step,
The gliding air of Domitilla?

Virgil has eternized in song
The flying footsteps of Camilla;
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dream'd of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla:
And deuce take London! if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla.

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Piled on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bused much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To the snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER-SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNEYS, UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Now the active young attorneys
Briskly travel on their journeys,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Marses
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destined far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,

And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—[1]
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage:
Thorough mountains, thorough valleys,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,
Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and——run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people are all quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

[1] A cant word for pawning.---*H.*

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

The life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppet-show invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid;
In antic dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms;
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man's a blockhead, have confest:
Powel and Stretch[1] the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South Sea has proved
On that famed theatre, the alley;

[1] Two famous puppet-show men.

Where thousands, by directors moved,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age,
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators ranged in state
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love:
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom,[1] he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shows some error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confest the greater fool.

[1] Sheridan.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728.

Sir, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceased to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several verses are omitted.]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame,

Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel,)
The modern dame is waked by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon,)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of headache and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix

The ladies here to-night by six."
" Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?"—" Why, show him up."
" Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my Lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."
" Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars they all are light,
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
" She slipt spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
" Observe this pattern—there's a stuff;

I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit

In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans,
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their inuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;

What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
That Florimel wears iron stays;
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,

While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Raised ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits;
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went;
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!

How shall we pass the time between?
" Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
" Dear madam, try to take a nap"---
But now they hear a footman's rap:
" Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night;
" Whoever comes, I'm not within."
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,

But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays:
Your fan, a moment, if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
" Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
" Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When Lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
" That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
" Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
" And truly, madam, I know when

Instead of five you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn---past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears,)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

Logicians have but ill defined
As rational, the human kind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove, with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must, in spite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em.
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault or battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat, as dearest friend, a foe:

They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place:
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster Row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his lurking passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors;
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manner still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

THE ELEPHANT; OR, THE PARLIAMENT MAN.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS SINCE; AND TAKEN FROM COKE'S INSTITUTES.

ERE bribes convince you whom to choose,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.
Observe an elephant, says he,
And let him like your member be:
First take a man that's free from *Gaul*,
For elephants have none at all;
In flocks or parties he must keep;
For elephants live just like sheep.
Stubborn in honour he must be;
For elephants ne'er bend the knee.
Last, let his memory be sound,
In which your elephant's profound;
That old examples from the wise
May prompt him in his noes and ayes.
Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyer's wit:
And then, with Latin and all that,
Shows the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my lord is wrong,
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue:
Now, men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like elephants of shows;
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence;
To get their master half-a-crown,

They spread the flag, or lay it down:
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise every pliant gesture,
Opening their trunk for every tester.
Siam, for elephants so famed,
Is not with England to be named:
Their elephants by men are sold;
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

PAULUS: AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR. LINDSAY.[1]

DUBLIN, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;
While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
Can he, who knows that real good should please,
Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"—
This Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and dozes on the laws.

[1] A polite and elegant scholar; at that time an eminent pleader at the bar in Dublin, and afterwards advanced to be one of the Justices of the Common Pleas.---*H.*

THE ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

Lindsay mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unsavoury steams?
The sun, you say, his face has kiss'd:
It has; but then it greased his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poets' brains
With penniless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grandam Earth;
By Phœbus first produced to light;
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:

Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees.
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she has in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers' gold.
Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched
To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics, which, though I abomine 'em,
May serve as arguments *ad hominem:*
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.
I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs;
I own, his conscience always free,
(Provided he has got his fee,)
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.

Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted.
And though the gospel seems to say,
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to their labour,
Always for saving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, the sense is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.

With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick, with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six!
Of common sense without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?

The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:

And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse:
While he at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despises rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft from common sense;
And make his ignorance discern'd,
To get the name of council-learn'd,
(As *lucus* comes *a non lucendo*,)
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;

Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulness overrules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man, who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at discretion,
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters?
For as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd:
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe.[1]

[1] Richard Tighe, Esq. He was a member of the Irish Parliament, and held by Dean Swift in utter abomination.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER[1] AND DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. S. P. D. IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II. SATIRE I.

"Sunt quibus in Satirâ," &c.

WRITTEN BY MR. LINDSAY, IN 1729.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose,
Either in verse or humorous prose:
And to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleased to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,

[1] Mr. Lindsay.---*F.*

Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;
Or if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet, in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston[1] recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter freeborn minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience,
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense;
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom, Fate;

[1] A degraded clergyman of the Church of England, who wrote against the miracles of our Saviour.---*F.*

Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
"Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece has writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's hill[1] must lie,
And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts;

[1] In the county of Armagh.---*F.*

I found my head begin to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;
When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent;
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;

The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her finger ends she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;

His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening work so fills her head.
The Dean, who used to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach's gone;
In threadbare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,

Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, though scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas! is quickly guest;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath:
No other way but try the bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infused a strong prolific potion,

That mix'd with Acheloüs spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find;
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carried Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was bribed to make the Dean agree.
Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there;

Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose,
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle;
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN[1] TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

Our brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.

[1] "Dublin, June 6. The Rev. Dean Sawbridge, having surrendered himself on his indictment for a rape, was arraigned at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, and is to be tried next Monday."---*London Evening Post*, June 16, 1730. "Dublin, June 13. The Rev. Thomas Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes, who was indicted for ravishing Susanna Runkard, and whose trial was put off for some time past, on motion of the king's counsel on behalf of the said Susanna, was yesterday tried in the Court of King's Bench, and acquitted. It is reported, that the Dean intends to indict her for perjury, he being in the county of Wexford when she swore the rape was committed against her in the city of Dublin."---*Daily Post-Boy*, June 23, 1730.---*Nichols.*

She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

The dean he pursued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgell'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practised before.
He made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

The dean, and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolved for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch, but committing a rape.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And grieved that a Tory should live above ground,

Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine *jure ecclesiæ;*
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet,
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor,)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre, and rochet,
Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's[1] shape,
For sodomy hang'd; as thou for a rape.

[1] A Bishop of Waterford, sent from England a hundred years ago, was hanged at Arbor-hill, near Dublin.---See "The penitent death of a woful sinner, or the penitent death of John Atherton, executed at Dublin the 5th of December, 1640. With some annotations upon several passages in it. As also the sermon, with some further enlargements, preached at his burial. By Nicholas Barnard, Dean of Ardagh, in Ireland.

"*Quis in seculo peccavit enormius Paulo? Quis in religione gravius Petro? illi tamen pœnitentiam assequuti sunt non solum ministerium sed magisterium sanctitatis. Nolite ergo ante tempus judicare, quia fortasse quos vos laudatis, Deus reprehendit, et quos vos reprehenditis, ille laudabit, primi novissimi, et novissimi primi.* Petr. Chrysolog. Dublin, Printed by the Society of Stationers, 1641."

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.[1]
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

The dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing;
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and saved a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His troubles and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the dean's neck for committing a rape.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad:

[1] This trial took place in 1723; but being only found guilty of an assault, with intent to commit the crime, the worthy colonel was fined £300 to the private party prosecuting.

She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
And better would give us, if better she had.
But, lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER, AND FAVOURITE POET. A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains:
Though 'tis confest, that those, who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw!
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.[1] 1730.

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing;

[1] A defence of "The Lady's Dressing-room," by some facetious friend of our author, is printed in Faulkner's edition; which, after a humorous travestie of ten lines only of Horace's "Art of Poetry," decides clearly that there are ten times more slovenly expressions in those ten lines of Horace, than in the whole poem of Dr. Swift.—*N.*

The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.
And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
On such a point, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.
Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair:
A fore-head cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flour, to stop the steams
Exhaled from sour unsavoury streams:
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.

Here gallipots and vials placed,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spews.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslimed,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grimed;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Here petticoats in frouzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,[1]
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Celia's magnifying glass;

[1] Var. "marks of stinking toes."—*H.*

When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes:
Which Strephon ventured to look in,
Resolved to go through thick and thin.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus oped the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind:
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,

The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.
O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep."[1]
As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,[2]
Which, though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,[3]
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be exprest,
When plump'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away;

[1] Milton.

[2] Prima Virorum.—*Ed. Dublin*, 1772.

[3] Vide D—n D——l's Works, and A. P—l—ps's.—*Ed. Dublin*, 1772.

Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh—!"
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
When Celia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout;)
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits and lovers both,
Conferring, as they used to meet,
On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter.)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose:
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn,
With threads of different colour'd yarn;

His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for nightgown he had none,)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs, to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dyed,
And half unsmoked, lay by his side.
  Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers placed, to drink it hot.
  Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush;
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
  Then gave him some familiar thumps,
A college joke to cure the dumps.
  The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cried, Celia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
  Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—is Celia dead?
  How happy I, were that the worst!
But I was fated to be curst?

Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
O Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:
But Celia has contrived to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injured lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divined
A crime, that shocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;

And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after-times—
" Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
And dying, never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark;
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry:
I come! I come! Medusa see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
" Avaunt—ye cannot say 'twas I."[1]
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
And Celia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.
To force it out, my heart must rend;
Yet when conjured by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;

[1] Macbeth.---*H.*

(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed—
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu:
Nor wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh—!

END OF VOL. I.

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